HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVII.—No. 1397.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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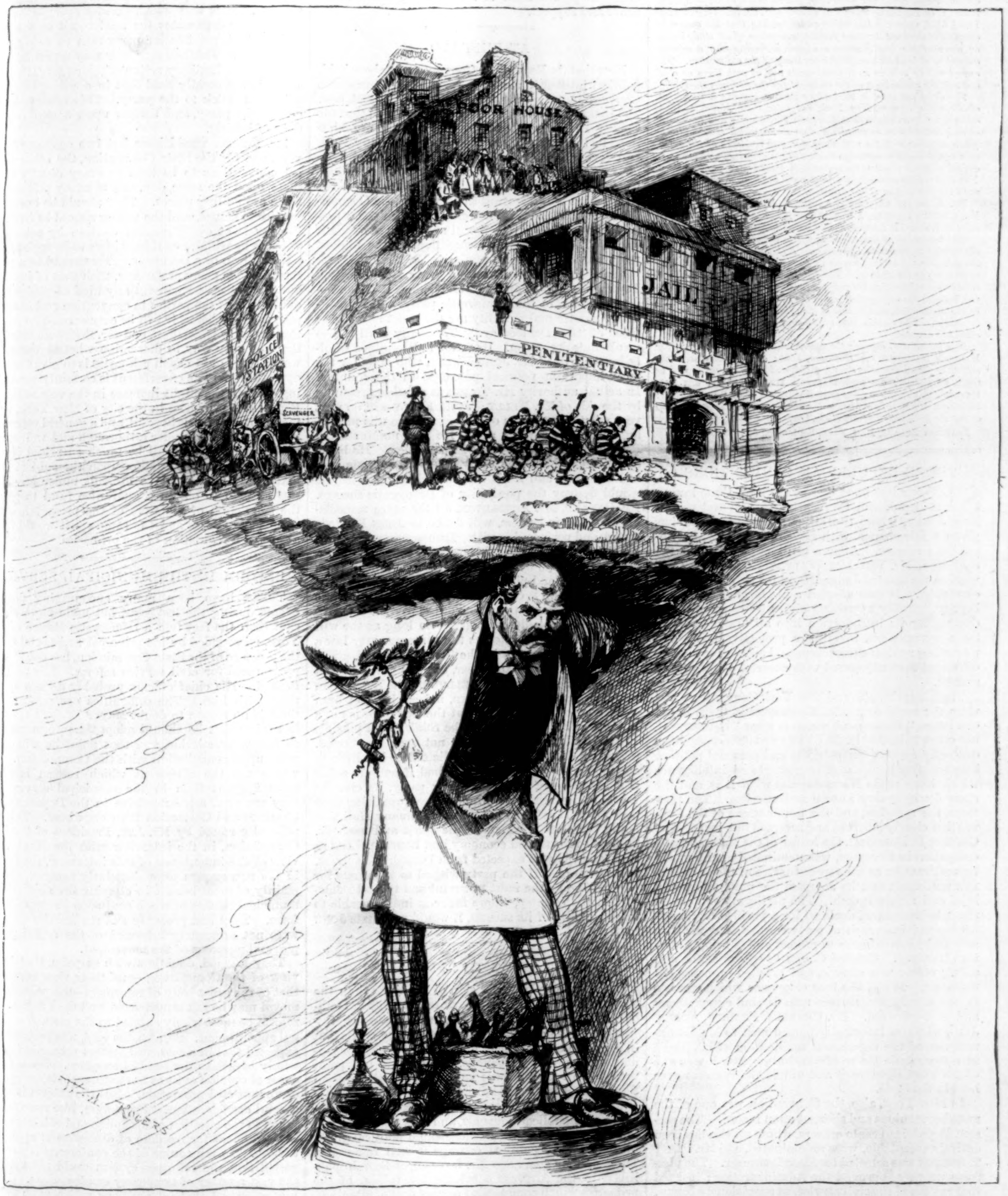

POOR HOUSE
JAIL
PENITENTIARY
POLICE STATION
SCAVENGER
W. A. Rogers

THE SCOTT LIQUOR LAW IN OHIO—PUTTING THE BURDEN WHERE IT BELONGS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 614.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 29, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* Harper's Weekly *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1*st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the Messrs. Harper *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A., Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A., *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* Harper & Brothers', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $500; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $500; *one page* Harper's Young People, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

Franklin Square, New York, September 8, 1883.

THREE REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

SINCE our last issue there have been three important Republican Conventions. The first was in New Jersey, where the bitter Democratic feud has given a fair chance, with good nominations, for Republican success. After a brilliant speech from the chairman, Mr. William Walter Phelps, the Convention nominated Judge Dixon for Governor by acclamation. It then adopted a platform of admirable brevity, heartily approving civil service reform, and demanding its introduction into all branches of the State government, favoring a protective tariff, and protesting against encroaching and oppressive monopolies, and then adjourned with cheerful confidence of success.

The Massachusetts and New York Conventions met upon the same day. In Massachusetts there is but one issue, "Butlerism," which is what "Democracy" has come to in that State. The word defines the issue distinctly as between patriotic and personal politics, between the honor and character and intelligence which have made Massachusetts what it is, and the sheer demagoguery known as Butlerism. The platform, the speeches, and the nominations of the Convention clearly affirmed and accepted this issue. Mr. George D. Robinson, the leader of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress, was nominated unanimously by acclamation as the representative of the anti-Butler sentiment, and he accepted the nomination in a brief and manly speech. The platform commended the Administration, declared for a purified civil service beyond the reach of party conflict, and for wise and well-matured laws to protect and develop American industry. Colonel Codman's speech as the presiding officer was electric, and aroused immense enthusiasm. It had the true eloquence which consists in the strong and sincere man behind every strong and sincere word. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., who was informally named next to Mr. Robinson, moved the unanimous nomination of his friend in a few admirable words, and altogether it was one of the most significant and united Conventions ever held in the State.

In New York, also, the Convention was one of the most harmonious and shortest upon record. The present Republican State officers, whose service has been entirely acceptable, were renominated, and Mr. Pliny T. Sexton was selected for State Treasurer. The platform warmly approved the Administration; insisted that reform of the civil service, so auspiciously begun, should be prosecuted to complete success; favored a tariff for revenue and just protection of industry; declared for reform of the primary meeting, and approved the plan of party reorganization already begun in New York; affirmed the free canal policy; denounced the tendency to create monopolies, and called for a national bureau of labor statistics. The new State Committee is strongly Stalwart. Its power of mischief, however, in the selection of delegates to the National Convention has been very much reduced by the adoption of the district system. A State Convention can not now, as heretofore, annul the choice of districts, and assume to bind the seventy votes of New York by an iron unit rule. The factional sympathy of the State Committee, therefore, is in itself of less importance than formerly. The action of the three Conventions is very significant and encouraging. They adopt the reform of the civil service as a fundamental Republican policy, and they thus make the party in the future what it has been in the past, the party of continued progress and reform. It was a good week's work, and has drawn the independent sentiment of the country to the side which never ought to permit itself to forfeit independent confidence and support.

AT BUFFALO.

Now that the Republican Convention has been held, political interest in the State turns to the Democratic Convention, which meets at Buffalo on the 27th inst. The Democratic State Committee has decided that the County Democracy is the only "regular organization" in the city of New York, but Tammany Hall, and Irving Hall, a tender of Tammany, laugh defiance, and there will be apparently three delegations from the city. It is generally understood that the Convention will disregard the action of the Committee, and admit the three delegations, or an equal proportion of them, because it will not dare not to admit them. This will be the recognition by the highest party authority of the "regularity" of bolting.

From the point of view of party "regularity," Tammany Hall is an organized bolt. It is the supreme power in the Democratic party, and its political character and morality are the exact measure of those of "the Democracy." Tammany Hall is also an absolute despotism. Its action is determined wholly by the will of Mr. John Kelly, who is by far the most important political potentate in the country. In actual authority Mr. Tilden is a feeble pretender by the side of Mr. Kelly. John Kelly will do next year what Tweed was overthrown as he was preparing to do a few years ago. He will nominate the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He holds in his single hand the unity of the Democratic vote in New York, and if his will should be thwarted, he would destroy the possibility of Democratic success. Mr. Bayard, Mr. Pendleton, all the more respectable Democratic leaders, will dance to John Kelly's music, and perform his will. Democratic papers busily blow the trumpet of this or that small-potato candidate. By-and-by they will receive orders from John Kelly, and pipe accordingly.

This situation is called harmony in the Democratic party, and so far as the action of the party is concerned it is undoubtedly harmony. So long as the will of Mr. Kelly is accepted as the supreme party law a solid Democratic vote in the State is assured. The question at the polls this year, therefore, will be that of a choice between John Kelly and the Republican party. Governor Cleveland, indeed, has not been a follower of Tammany. But the Governor is not a favorite in his party, and in the *Sun's* list of possible Presidential candidates he is not even mentioned. Governor Cleveland as a public officer has little in common with his party. If he had, if he were a fair representative of the Democratic party, its chances would be deservedly very much more promising than they are. It is Mr. Kelly and Tammany Hall that really represent the Democratic spirit and methods. So much reform and economy and honest politics as they favor may be expected from Democratic success, and no more. If the party wished to nominate for the Presidency the most powerful and typical Democrat in the country, whose favor is indispensable to the possibility of its success, it would nominate John Kelly.

REGULATING THE PRIMARIES.

There is no pleasanter sign of the times than the general interest in the improvement of political methods. It shows itself not only in hostility to the prostitution of the civil service as mere party spoils, but in suspicion of the caucus, and in the demand for regulation of primary elections. Upon this last point there have been no more valuable suggestions than those which have come from Buffalo. The Buffalo *Express* is one of the ablest and boldest of independent Republican journals, and it is published and prospers in a community whose sound political thinking and sturdy political courage it well represents. Three or four years ago Mr. Larned of Buffalo published in the *Express* a scheme for reform of the primaries which commanded a great deal of attention. Mr. Sherman S. Rogers of the same city, at the request of the *Express*, has followed his recent letter, in which he clearly and admirably stated the actual political situation, with a brief detailed method for the same purpose; and Mr. Henry A. Richmond, also of Buffalo, and one of the State Civil Service Commissioners, has offered a reward of fifty dollars in each case for evidence which will lead to the conviction of fraudulent voters at the primaries under the new law.

Mr. Richmond restricts his offer to the Democratic primaries in the Tenth Ward of Buffalo during the present year. This, we presume, is because he is a Democrat living in that ward, and he undoubtedly believes that the money is well spent which properly secures the observance of good laws. The knowledge that it is made the pecuniary interest of every man at the polls to see that the laws for honest voting are enforced will certainly tend to diminish dishonest voting. Mr. Rogers, in his scheme, touches the mainspring of reform in the primaries when he says that the primary election must be brought into the daylight. This is the truth in a phrase. Under a system of government by party the primary is the important election. It is that which decides every other step, and usually determines the final result at the polls. It is, indeed, possible for party men to vote against their party. But however they may regret and condemn the preliminary action of their party, they will at the last generally hold that in a choice of evils it is better to stick to the party. This necessarily discredits the party, and throws upon a minority the duty of bolting.

Mr. Rogers would have but two caucuses in the year, one for the State Convention, the other for local conventions to be held in every district in the State upon the same day, and as many primaries as there are polling places. They should be open from sunrise to sunset, and the voting should be from poll lists made at every general election by asking the voter as he withdraws if he wishes to be registered as a Republican or a Democrat. This would be a public record of his party preference, with that of his name and residence, and without any kind of pledge or inquisition. If the parties in convention seriously propose such a scheme, it will be easy enough to procure the necessary legislation, and Mr. Rogers wisely adds that the only way to determine whether the people would come out to such primaries is to give them the opportunity. The experiment is certainly worth trying. Even the slight increase in the vote at the late Republican primaries in the city of New York, under the circumstances, is hopeful, and a general vote might be fairly expected under a thorough and well-considered system. We shall be much surprised if some vigorous and radical action upon the subject is not taken. It would not be difficult under Mr. Richmond's plan to obtain a guarantee fund to pay for the conviction of violators of the present law; the necessary rewards and the same spirit would secure a thorough regulation of the primaries.

REFORM IN THE MUNICIPAL SERVICE.

There have been many encouraging political events during the last year, but none more significant than the fact that a Democratic Mayor of New York, surrounded by his principal assistants, and in the presence of the State Commission, has deliberately pronounced for civil service reform. His power is limited. His chief officers probably do not sympathize with him. The difficulties are many. But there is no reason to doubt Mayor Edson's sincerity in saying that he should adopt the reform methods so far as practicable, and that point he will determine upon consultation with the Commission. Nowhere are the abuses at which reform is aimed more flagrant than in the municipal service, and they are even more repulsive in the Department of Charities and Correction than elsewhere. This was pointedly stated by Mr. Jay, President of the State Commission, in the interview with the Mayor. In view of the importance of this interview, the reports in the newspapers were singularly meagre. It was plainly of great benefit in clearing the minds of the municipal officers of much confusion in regard to reform. They had probably not studied the bill, and were not accurately informed of the actual principles and purposes of the movement.

They learned, doubtless with surprise, that in the view of the Commission—and their view represents that of the great body of reformers—the power of removal may be left unrestricted, and the safeguards of reform be most wisely applied to the method of original appointment. So, also, the view was probably unexpected that in a reformed system promotion might wisely be left to the head of an office. Some differences of opinion exist as to the immediate desirability of unrestricted promotion. But the subject is under careful consideration. Promotion, like removal, belongs to the question of discipline and efficiency, and the argument for freedom of discretion is applicable to both. In the course of the conference it was suggested that the reformed system could not apply to the vast number of temporary employments. But it was answered that all positions which were permanent, even if only temporarily filled, should be subjected to the rules, because in every employment certain physical, moral, educational, and special or expert qualifications are necessary, and they should be definitely ascertained in a satisfactory manner. This statement was especially timely and cogent, as those temporary appointments are the very ones which are peculiarly abused for political purposes.

Objections were also made to grading the positions in certain departments, and there was the usual disposition upon the part of some of the gentlemen to hold that the absolute discretion of the chief officer is all the reform that is needed. This is a familiar view, and the only difficulty with it is that it is the very one which the country has decided not to tolerate any longer. But as Mayor Edson announced that he should do all in his power to inaugurate the reformed system, as Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, has already matured a practical scheme, and as Mayor Parsons, of Rochester, has appointed an interview with the State Commission on the 4th of October, we may justly expect to see a beginning of municipal reform from which the best results may be anticipated.

RECENT SLAUGHTER OF TRAVELLERS.

The late collisions upon the Long Island Railroad and the explosion upon the steamer *Riverdale*, with the consequent loss of life, have drawn public attention to the wanton slaughter of human beings which is constantly occurring in and around the city. There have been frightful catastrophes both upon railroads and steamers around the city within the last six years produced by the merest negligence. Yet we believe not a single person has been punished. The companies may have paid some damages, which, of course, they did not feel. But nobody has been made to smart, and the law, or the enforcement of law, has done nothing whatever to insure greater security by warning the employés of every kind that they will be held personally and certainly responsible.

Nothing could be more culpable than the conduct of the inspector of the boiler of the *Riverdale*, and, according to the evidence, nobody could be worthier of exemplary punishment. The waters about the city swarm at all hours with steamers, large and small, carrying thousands of passengers. Their only guarantee of safety is an inspector's certificate. But here was a steamer whose boiler was so corroded upon the inside that a knife-blade was readily thrust through a piece of iron which was originally an inch and a quarter thick. The boiler exploded, killing and maiming the passengers who had seen the certificate of the good condition of the boilers, and upon inquiry the inspector states that he did not know that the boiler was corroded upon the inside because he had never examined the inside. Yet he certified that it was in good order. There could hardly be a more criminal betrayal of an important public trust, and if such an offender can not be punished, a certificate of safety is worse than nothing.

Upon the Long Island Railroad one train ran into another with the usual murderous consequences, and it is blandly announced by the railroad authorities that the air-brakes were out of order. But as air-brakes are often out of order, and are very liable to be out of order, when the question is asked where were the brakemen to put down the brakes in case of necessity, it appears that there were two brakemen upon a train of seven passenger-cars, and they were employed rather to assist passengers than to control the cars. So a train comes dashing into the station at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, the air-brakes prove to be out of order, the two brakemen are practically useless, and a frightful collision follows. Whoever is responsible for regulating the running of the cars and for manning the train, or for both, whether president, or directors, or superintendent, or conductor, or engineer, is responsible for the catastrophe; and if there be no possibility of personal punishment, the travellers upon that road may expect another catastrophe at any moment. A more outrageous and inexcusable slaughter never took place than that of Spuyten Duyvil two years ago. If the conductor, or the brakeman, or whoever it may have been who was plainly responsible for that event, had been criminally punished, there would have been fewer similar massacres since that awful night.

LIEUTENANT GREELY AND HIS MEN.

The loss of the *Proteus* and the peril of Lieutenant Greely and his companions have produced the outcry that follows every arctic disaster, and the demand that governments shall no longer authorize expeditions for polar observation and discovery. But no catastrophe in the frozen seas ever daunts the spirit that is resolved to penetrate the secret of the pole. Lieutenant Danenhower, who has himself been a victim of the search, says that plenty of men have already offered to join an expedition to undertake what the *Proteus* failed to do.

Lieutenant Greely, also, is not leading an expedition of mere adventure. He is taking part in a concerted series of scientific observations, the general nature and purpose of which were recently clearly stated in an interview by Judge Daly, the president of the American Geographical Society. The observations, indeed, did not require so advanced a position and one of such perilous approach as that upon Lady Franklin Bay, which was allotted to Lieutenant Greely. But he is not to be regarded as an individual explorer, although, if he were, an effort for his rescue would not be less instinctive.

No such effort, however, can be made during the present season, and the brave men must care for themselves. It is supposed that Lieutenant Greely, who is a sagacious and discreet commander, will have promptly decided to leave the station in time to save his retreat if relief did not reach him when due. But his retreat must be in any case daring and perilous. Yet those who are familiar with the story of arctic adventure, and who know what dangers have been surmounted, and what extreme exposure has been safely endured, will not cease to hope that these heroes, like so many others, may emerge unscathed from the icy labyrinth.

AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY.

We have space only to call attention to a very interesting anniversary celebration at the Tabernacle Church on the 2d of October. On that day, fifty years ago, the New York City Antislavery Society was formed, and its welcome was a formidable riot. Mr. Albert G. Willcox, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Young Men's Antislavery Society of New York, wrote the first address that was ever issued that advocated antislavery voting. This was the forerunner of the political movements known in our history as the Liberty party, the Free-soil and the Republican parties.

There will be a reunion of this "Old Guard" at the church at two o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Willcox, Mr. John Jay, Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, Mr. Henry B. Stanton, Mr. Oliver Johnson, and other pioneers are announced as among those who will be present. The conference will be a feast of patriotic and heroic reminiscence, and everybody will be cordially welcomed.

THE FISKE WILL LITIGATION.

We have seen with regret the suit brought by Professor Fiske, of Cornell University, to invalidate the bequest of Mrs. Fiske to the University. Whatever the charter may have provided, and however the law may restrict the power of a wife having a husband or children or parents living to bequeath her estate, there is no doubt that Professor Fiske had renounced for himself any desire to control the will of his wife. If, therefore, she had innocently exceeded her power under the law, it was for some one else to move in the matter, and if the University with which the Professor has been so honorably identified were prohibited from receiving the benefit which she designed for it, the effort to enforce the prohibition should have come from some other hand.

The proceeding is altogether unfortunate, and we have seen no adequate explanation of an act which is singularly inconsistent with the amiable and generous character of the accomplished Professor. It is true that Mrs. Fiske was building a very costly house, which, had she lived, she doubtless intended to maintain with dignified and profuse hospitality. But had she designed to leave a special sum, or to make any provision whatever for its maintenance after her death, she would unquestionably have done so, and the fact that, with every opportunity, she did not, is conclusive evidence that she deliberately decided not to do so.

Professor Fiske contends that the clause of the charter of the University which forbids it to hold more than a certain amount of property can not be abrogated by an *ex post facto* law; and that, even if it could be, the law of the State does not allow the alienation from the immediate heirs of such an amount of the property. Of course, if he were aware of any secret intrigue upon the part of anybody for any purpose to take advantage of his possible ignorance of the law, or to influence his wife improperly in the disposition of her estate, neither of which offenses, so far as we know, has been alleged, he would justly refuse to become the victim of a fraud. But, as the case appears, he freely acquiesced in the disposition of the estate at his wife's free-will, and his wife having exercised that will, he now contests it. Conduct such as this appears to be is certainly very unlike that of Willard Fiske.

PERSONAL.

"There are four battles in our business," remarked a dry-goods merchant. "The first battle is to secure consignments from desirable manufacturing houses; the second, to provide the money with which to make advances on those consignments; the third, to sell the goods after they have been consigned; and the fourth, to get the pay for them. And the hardest fight of all is the first—to obtain the right consignments. Any fool can sell goods that everybody wants to buy, but it requires a trained judgment to have on sale the goods that the public most wants."

—A man of letters was reading to a woman of letters that enthusiastic but little-known eulogy of the gentler sex by Daniel Defoe in which the latter speaks of woman as, among other things, Heaven's best gift to man. The fair listener warmly objected to this assertion. "Why call a woman a gift to man?" she asked, in a tone of challenge. "Why not call man a gift to woman?"

—Very hard workers were two New York artists on a sketching expedition in the wilds of Singac, New Jersey. From the hill above them several apples mysteriously rolled down, narrowly missing their heads. Hastily assuming a standing posture, they climbed the ascent, and saw in the near distance a pair of farmer's daughters, "whose forms were perfect and whose cheeks were peaches." Dazed by the vision, and, with characteristic modesty, unable to introduce themselves, they sat down upon a rock and meditated. A noisy little dog belonging to the damsels occupied the middle distance, and him they coaxed to their side. Then quickly making a pencil sketch of the scene, which included a pair of baffled artists standing on a rock, bowing and scraping to the maidens, who would not notice them, they folded the picture and put it under the collar of the dog, who faithfully returned to his mistresses. The next minute the artists were receiving an invitation to go to the farm-house and "take tea with grandma."

—A learned bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church was riding horseback in company with a young clergyman who was mounted on a spirited Mexican mustang, which kept the bishop's beast in a fret by his antics, and finally engaging him in a race, was soon easily the victor. "Sir," said the bishop, "I will ask you a conundrum: why are you like a Pharisee?" "I give it up," was the reply. "Because," resumed the prelate, "you are much given to go to fast."

—A veteran American landscapist, whose innocence of manner is but the reflex of great innocence of soul, was telling to some friends the story about the member of the town committee of a New England village who one day, when the subject of road improvements came up, said, "Let's lay our heads together and have a wooden pave." As he told it, however, the story went, "Let's lay our heads together and see if we can't have a pavement." Nobody laughed; and after the unsuccessful narrator had left the room a figure painter mildly observed that he had "always maintained that it was not the business of a landscape painter to tell a story."

—Mary Lamb, Charles Lamb's sister, has found a biographer in a Mrs. Gilchrist, who describes her work as mainly the story of a brother and sister's love, of how it sustained them under the shock of a terrible calamity, and made beautiful and even happy a life which must else have sunk into desolation and despair. Mary was a modest soul, and expected little. In one of her letters to a friend she wrote: "I know I have a knack of looking into people's real character, and never expecting them to act out of it, and never expecting another to do as I would do in the same case."

—The heaviest trout caught in Loch Leven, Scotland, this season, weighed four and three-quarter pounds, and the total number, 14,000, weighed about 13,000 pounds. It is not uncommon for an enthusiastic angler to begin work at five o'clock in the morning, and keep two, and sometimes three, rods plying vigorously until ten o'clock at night. Loch Leven's reputation as the best trouting lake in the southern half of Scotland is fully maintained.

—Next New-Year's Day the ladies of that charming cluster of pretty cottages known as Short Hills, New Jersey, propose to celebrate the occasion by inviting their gentlemen friends to meet them in the Music Hall of the village, where the entertainment, from 7 P.M. to 1 A.M., will consist of dancing, card-playing, conversation, and articles of *menu*. The hall will be handsomely decorated with rugs, pictures, flowers, and knickknacks from the residences of the hostesses, who expect to be fresh and cheerful because they will have had all day to rest in.

—A change has been made in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library, and each of the New York daily newspapers is securely fastened to an oblique counter in front of a row of tall stools. The old way was to hang the papers on a rack, whence they could be taken down to be held in the hands of the reader, who sat comfortably in an easy-chair. One of the officials of the institution, being asked the reason of the change, said that heretofore it has been usual to see a member come early to the library, take one paper in his hands, put another one under him as he sat down, hold a third fast by his elbow on a table, and a fourth between his knees, so as to protect himself from interference.

—Mr. George I. Seney has a large stock farm near his residence at Bernardsville, New Jersey. His favorite diversions are horses of good pedigree and oil-paintings of good workmanship.

—Mr. Alexander M. Agnew, a representative fireman of the days of the old Volunteer Department, speaks occasionally to his friends of the self-sacrificing services rendered to the city by that famous organization. Like most of his surviving comrades, he looks back with wonder upon the enthusiasm which inspired the ceaseless heroism of the "laddies," and without which none of their finest feats could have entered into history. His brother, Mr. John T. Agnew, was also a volunteer fireman; and his father, the late Mr. William Agnew, performed some handsome service at the burning of Fulton Market sixty years ago.

—The relations between Tammany Hall and the Stalwart Republicans have long been supposed to be of a confidential character, especially in the business of trading votes, and this pleasant harmony seems to be affectionately indicated by a Broadway tailor, whose new advertising cart is decorated with a large pictorial representation of Mr. Roscoe Conkling and Mr. John Kelly walking side by side, dressed in the latest fashion, the ex-Senator standing correctly erect, his right hand thrust beneath the breast of his broadcloth coat, and the ex-Comptroller similarly inflexible, but with a light bamboo stick under his left arm, and a benign smile gleaming toward his stubby beard.

—A New York author who has been summering in the country declares that the magnificent suburban villa never tempts him to break the tenth commandment. It looks too cold, he says. "But give me an artistic cottage on a well-stocked farm, far enough from the railway station to require the services of a horse and buggy, and suitably provided with poultry and dogs."

—A Union soldier, who led an advance of skirmishers at the battle of Ream's Station, Virginia, declares that a certain war picture by Détaille reminds him so forcibly of a scene in that engagement that he could easily believe it to have been painted on the spot. His regiment suddenly found a railway embankment between them and the enemy, and in order to save their heads from the bullets they poked holes beneath the rails and between the cross-ties with their bayonets, and fired through them at the gray-coats.

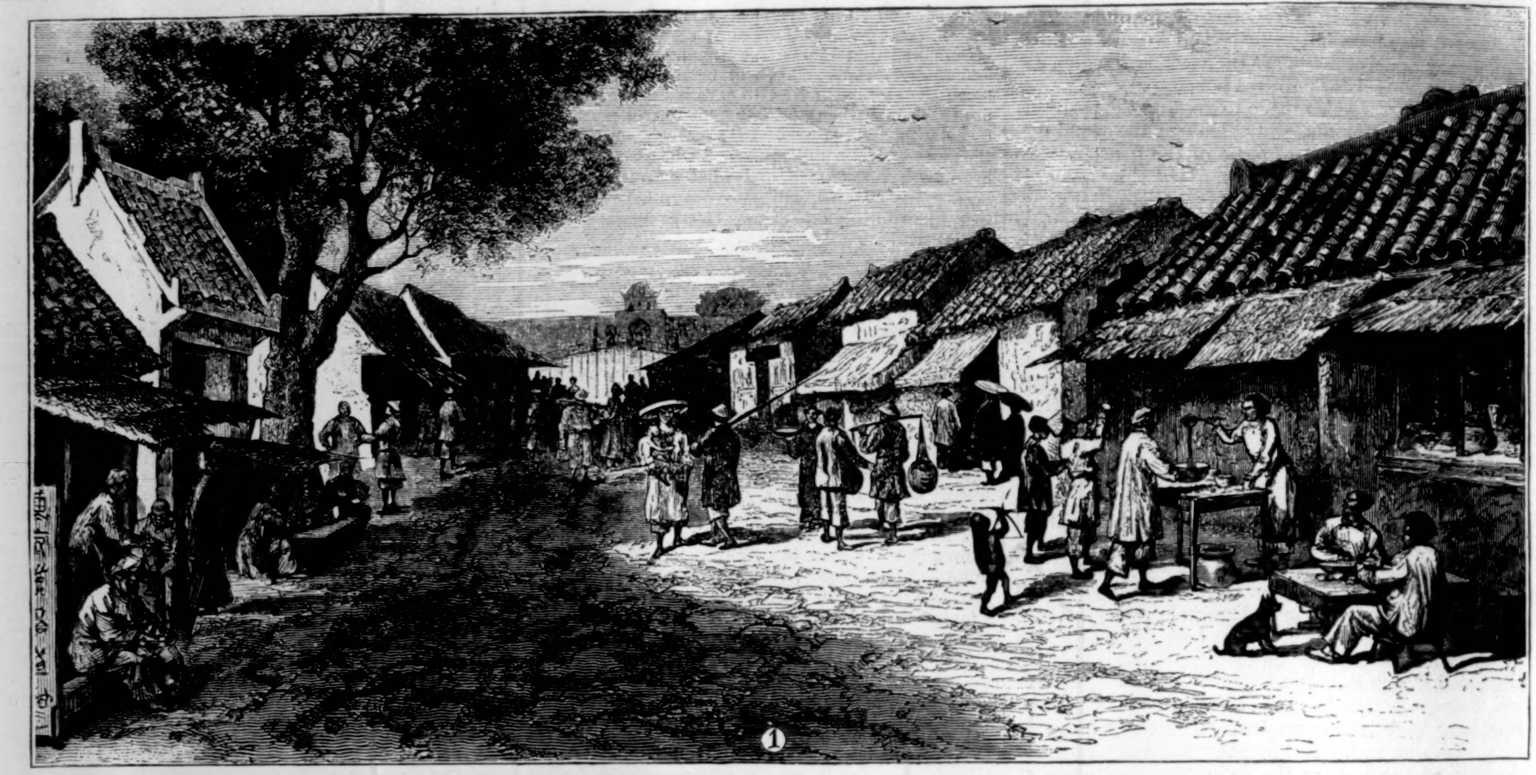
—Mr. Gladstone, assisted by his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, cut down a large oak-tree in Hawarden Park on the 7th of September. He finished the laborious task with comparative ease, and a number of strangers who were present cheered him lustily as he laid on the blows.

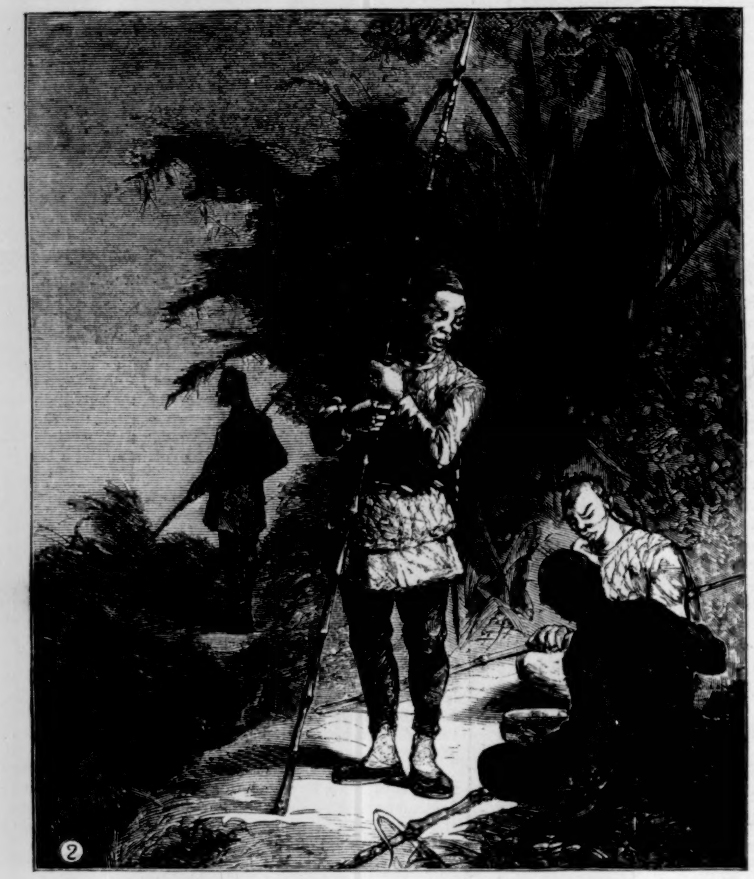
—The King of Spain's face lacks the bloom it had five years ago. His figure is slighter, his shoulders are rounded, his eye is restless, his beard has grown, his mouth smiles with an effort, and his look is melancholy. If Alfonso were only an overworked clerk, his condition would be romantic.

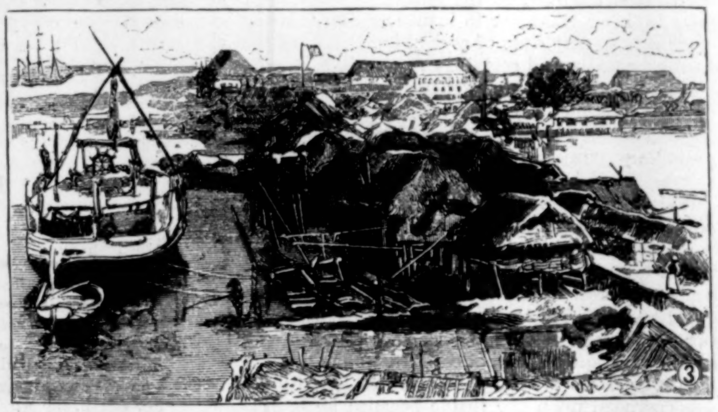
—A French nobleman, on an official mission to China in 1859, wrote: "I shall be believed when I say that the cowardice of the Chinese troops is one of those fables of which history is too often made up. The courage was equal on both sides: the Mongols had numbers, we had resources; we knew how to conquer, they how to die."

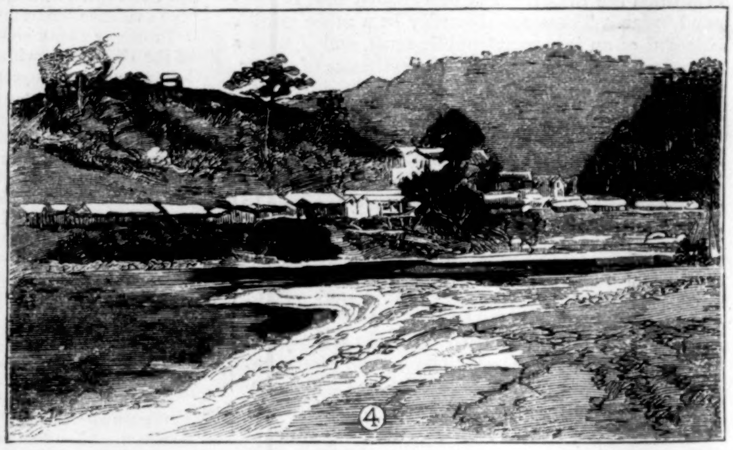
—The inhabitants of Portuguese Guinea are planting successfully European vegetables, and rice, maize, manioc, yam, cocoa, sugar-cane, palm oil, ground-nuts oil, ginger, are common products of the soil. They excavate their canoes from trees, and have only their knives for tools. The climate is such that ordinary Europeans can stand it only two or three years at a time, though some Frenchmen enjoy good health after ten years.

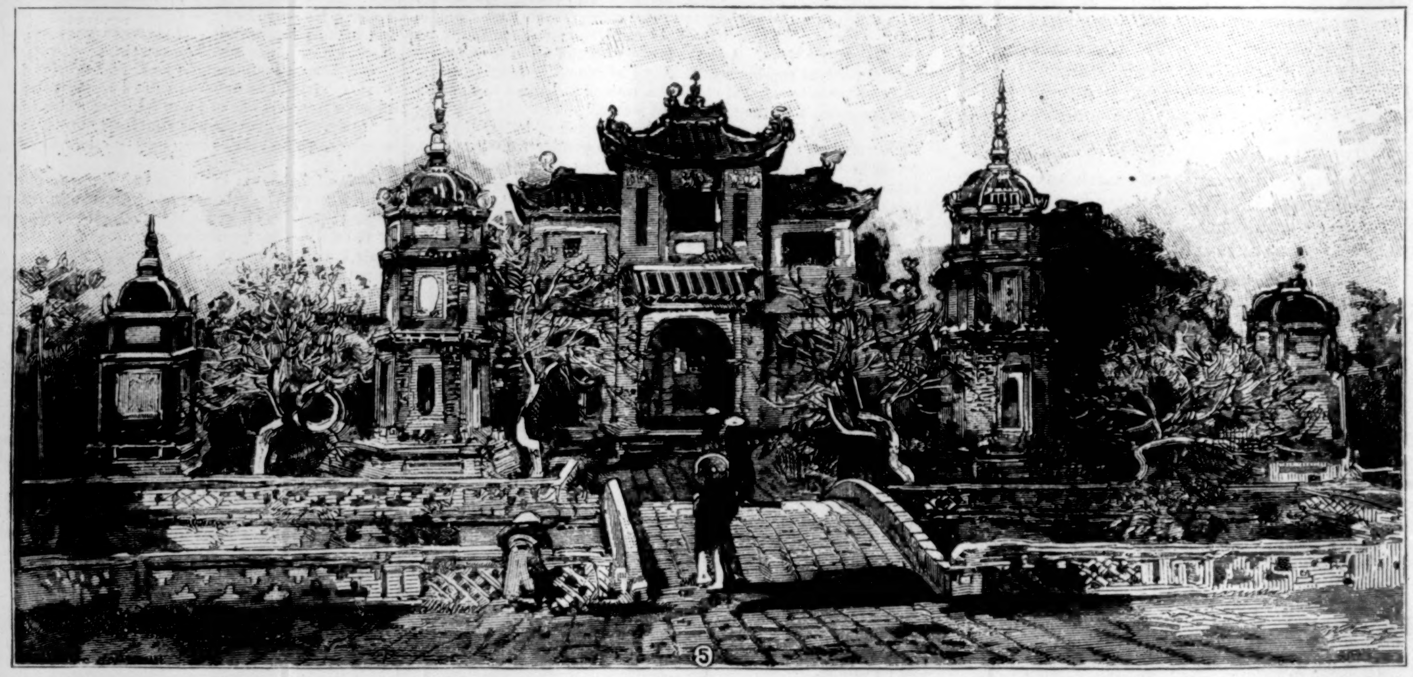
—A friend of General Lew Wallace tells an interesting story of the origin of the well-known novel *Ben-Hur:* "Before and for some time after the war General Wallace was inclined to be skeptical in religious matters, particularly the divinity of Christ. One day, while travelling on a railroad, he chanced to meet Colonel Ingersoll, the infidel. Their conversation turned on religious topics, and in the course of the discussion Ingersoll presented his views. Wallace listened, and was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not yet prepared to agree with Ingersoll on certain very extreme propositions relative to the non-divinity of Christ. Ingersoll urged Wallace to give the matter the careful study and research that he had, expressing his confidence that Wallace would, after so doing, fully acquiesce in the Ingersoll view. After parting, Wallace turned the matter over in his mind, and determined to give it the most thorough investigation. For six years he thought, studied, and searched. At the end of that time *Ben-Hur* was produced. I met Wallace at a hotel in Indianapolis not long after. The book was naturally the topic of our conversation. After having told me the story I have just given, Wallace turned to me and said: 'The result of my long study was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he was also my Christ, my Saviour, and my Redeemer. That fact settled in my own mind, I wrote *Ben-Hur*.'"





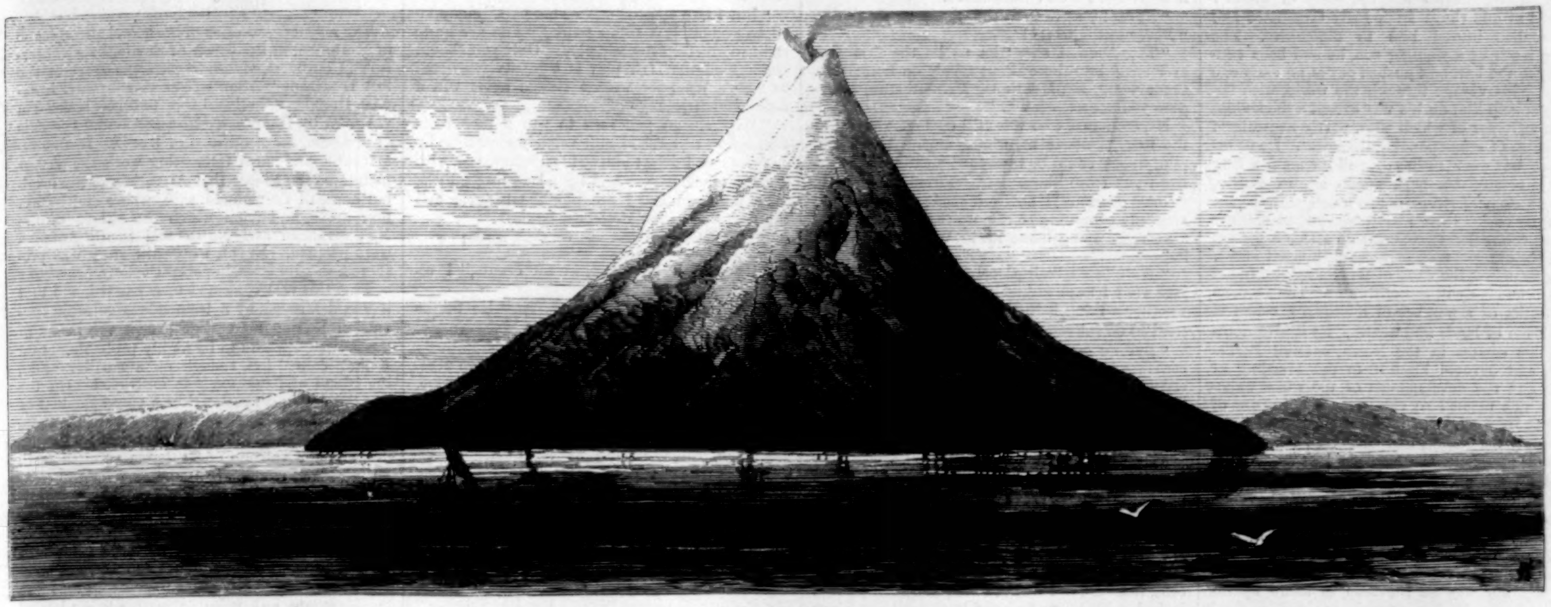




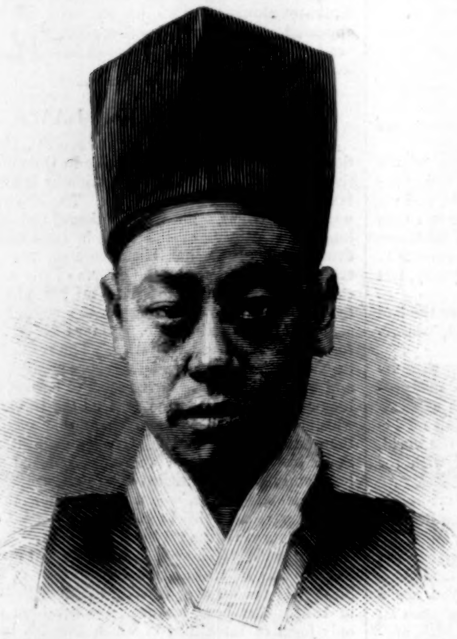


1. Hué, Capital of Anam. 2. Group of "Black Banners." 3. Hai-Fong. 4. Advance-Post of the "Black Banners." 5. Pagoda at Ha-Noi, the chief commercial City of Anam.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF ANAM.—[SEE PAGE 615.]



THE ISLAND AND VOLCANO OF KRAKATOA, STRAIT OF SUNDA, SUBMERGED DURING THE LATE ERUPTION.—[SEE PAGE 614.]



MIN YONG IK, COREAN ENVOY TO THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

THIRLBY HALL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

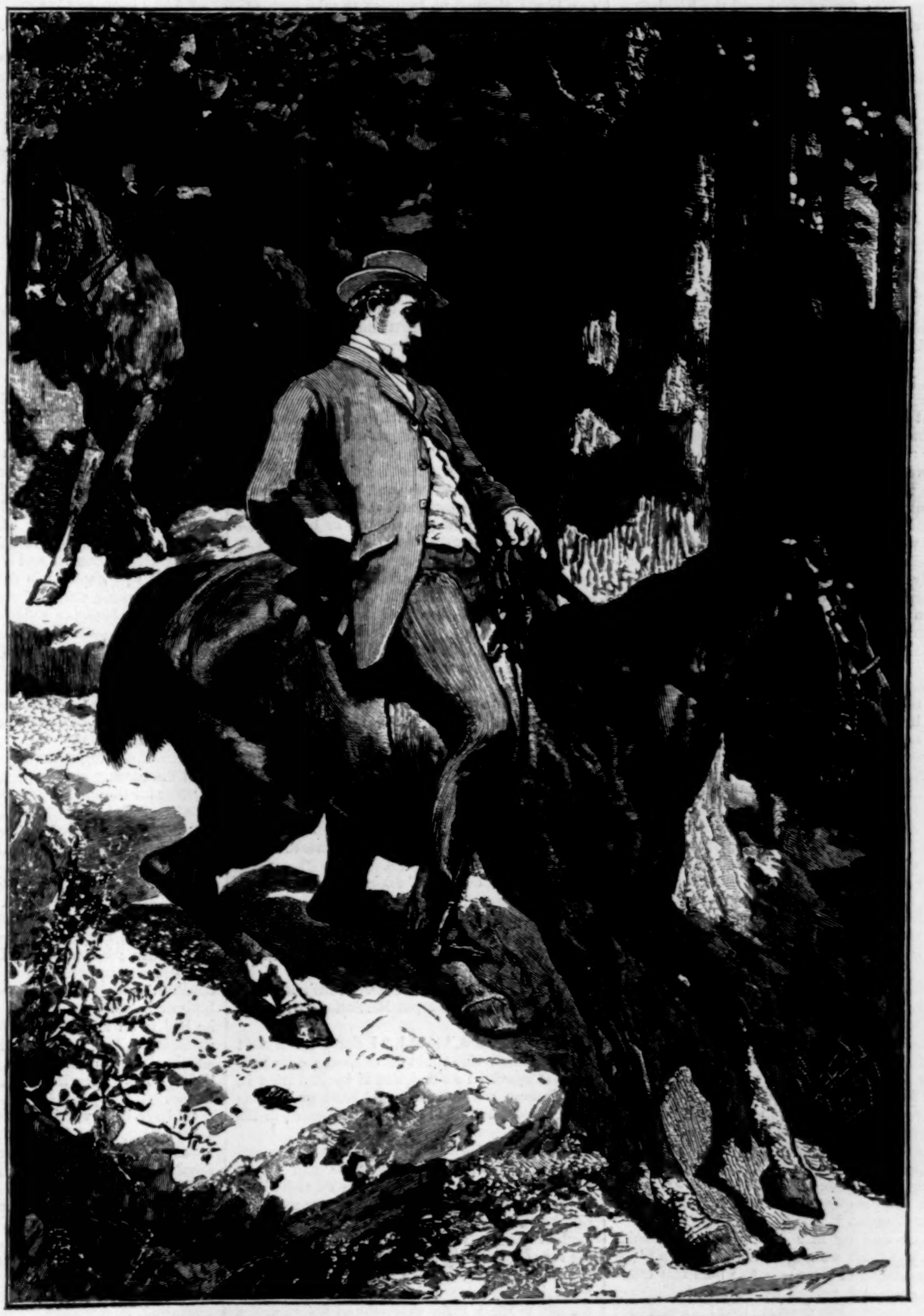
MR. SOTHERAN IS PRUDENT.

IF the fact of having one passive enemy at Franzenshöhe weighed upon Lady Constance's spirits—which it probably did not for an instant—she must have felt this inconvenience to be more than counterbalanced by the multitude of active friends who at once surrounded her. She was not only an excellent linguist, but she had the much rarer faculty of picking up, together with the colloquialisms of a people, their spirit and habit of mind. She could be an Italian among the Italians, and a French woman in France, preserving all the time her own very distinct individuality. At Franzenshöhe, which, besides the *corps diplomatique*, possessed a small cosmopolitan society, this versatility of hers was greatly appreciated. As for the blue-eyed Suabians, they cast themselves at her feet in a body, so to speak, extolling with many a guttural *ach* and *doch* her ready sympathy with that queer national compound of materialism and sentimentality which to Englishmen has always appeared so incomprehensible, and to Frenchmen so supremely ludicrous. Mild old King Rudolf was enchanted to meet a lady of such culture, such elegance, and such skill in the intricacies of Teutonic speech. He ordered all the petty rules and regulations of court discipline to be held in abeyance as far as Lady Constance Milner was concerned; the palace gates flew open as often as it pleased her to enter them; in the stiff, old-fashioned gardens, among the statues and the orange-trees in their green tubs, his Majesty might sometimes be seen reading extracts to her from the Iliad, which he had himself translated into German hexameters when a young man. She used to come back from these audiences yawning loudly, but admitting that sovereigns had a divine right to be bores, and that some sacrifices must be put up with in return for their favor, under the existing conditions of society.

Attachés of all nationalities and tall cavalry officers with clanking sabres afforded her a refreshing alterative upon her return home. Some shock-headed Socialists had been seen mounting her staircase, and would have been welcomed with the other visitors had not Lord Rossan, who watched his sister's proceedings with much amusement, declared that it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, and that he could not permit disaffected persons to be received under his roof. Lady Constance, therefore, was obliged to break off relations with the irreconcilable party, being perhaps not very sorry to have a plausible pretext for doing so; but she gratified her love of variety by cultivating the acquaintance of the principal actors from the Hof-theater, of a professor or two from the University, and of other talented persons, in whose presence the astonished nobility of Suabia raised its chin and sniffed.

All these thronged the sunny drawing-room on the second floor of the "Englische Palais"; and the reflection that there was safety in numbers did not prevent me from being silently jealous of each and every one of them. My own position was neither dignified nor agreeable. Being in some sort a member of the household, I was used by Lady Constance much as the wives of certain generals are in the habit of using their husbands' aides-de-camp. I was ordered to ring the bell; I was sent to look for this or that person's carriage: I fetched and carried, in short, and got nothing in the shape of reward, except a smile or a word every now and again. Sometimes I thought that she took a delight in humiliating me, though I can not say that her manner betrayed any such deliberate intention. I did not like it; but I grinned and bore it, sustained by an inward conviction that, sooner or later, my day would come.

A circumstance which vexed me a good deal was the sudden appearance upon the scene of Mr. Sotheran, who took up his quarters in the best hotel in the town, and immediately resumed those patient siege operations which had for their object the ultimate conquest of Lady Constance's hand and heart. Little as I loved this dogged wooer, I could not refuse a grudging tribute of admiration to his unruffled pertinacity. It was not often that he took umbrage as he had done at Taormina; but then it was not often that Lady Constance laughed at him. She turned him away from her door full twice for every once that she admitted him; she snubbed or took no notice of him when he had succeeded in effecting an entrance; but he cared for none of these things. He meant to win, and really it almost looked as if he would win in the long-



"I MYSELF HAD TO CLUTCH THE BACK OF MY SADDLE MORE THAN ONCE."

run from sheer strength of purpose. He was not oversensitive, and his life, the story of which I gleaned at odd times from Lady Constance and others, had inured him to difficulties. The younger son of a younger son, he had been educated for the bar, and pushed out at an early age to make his voyage through the world, with nothing to help him on his way except a thick skin, the advantages of which were partly neutralized by a skull of corresponding thickness. He worked hard, but made little way, and for many a long year navigated his bark across stormy waters, keeping clear of sirens, not so much, perhaps, because he feared their blandishments, as because he was compelled to concentrate all his attention upon the difficult task of keeping himself afloat. After rounding the cape of middle age he found himself suddenly in smooth water. The successive deaths of a number of relations put him in possession of lands and wealth. He settled down upon his estates in the North, entered Parliament, and devoted himself to the breeding of cattle and the development of the white waistcoat which formed so conspicuous a feature of his outward man. Then, for his sins, he encountered Lady Constance, and conceived for her one of those attachments which are less demonstrative than the passions of youth, but which are quite as unreasonable. He can hardly have expected that she should fall in love with him; but he knew himself to be rich and resolute, and he knew her to be poor, ambitious, and occasionally impulsive. The game, therefore, was not a hopeless one, nor was he the man to throw up his cards after a first, a second, or even a third defeat.

One day, not long after his arrival, Lady Constance asked me to ride with her to Friedensberg, a royal castle, celebrated all over Germany for the beauty of its situation among the wooded Suabian hills. I consented joyfully, for it was a long time since such a mark of favor had been vouchsafed to me, and when, the appointed hour having come, I found that we were to start alone, my satisfaction was complete. Lady Constance had selected for her mount a fidgety young chestnut horse, nearly thorough-bred, which Lord Rossan had lately purchased. I would rather have seen her upon a quieter animal, and made bold to say as much; but she only smiled, and reminded me that she was an Irish woman.

I rode out of the court-yard beside her, feeling more light-hearted than I had done for months past; but, alas! my glee was destined to be of short duration; for, as we passed the Römischer Hof, a stout equestrian in a white waistcoat came pounding across the road, and from the confident manner in which he ranged himself alongside it was only too evident that Mr. Sotheran had been invited to join us. I was ineffably disgusted; and Lady Constance did not lessen my ill-humor by whispering, "I am sorry to have asked you to make one of a party of three; but Count Waldstein and his wife failed me at the last moment, and you were the only substitute at hand."

So that was all I had been wanted for! "I should have thought you would have preferred having Mr. Sotheran all to yourself," I could not help saying.

"Should you, indeed? That shows that you haven't often tasted the charms of Mr. Sotheran's conversation. But never mind; we'll have a pleasant ride in spite of him."

We should certainly have had a pleasant ride without him. It was one of those delicious sunny afternoons of late autumn which are more frequent in Southern Germany than in England. There had been a slight frost the night before, and the air was still crisp and fresh after it; the woods were brilliant with patches of russet and yellow; the rocky cliffs for which we were bound stood out high and clear against a pale sky; every sound from the town behind us rose into the still air with a musical distinctness which told of the coming winter. Lady Constance was in unwontedly high spirits, and even I, angry and disappointed as I was, began to recover my equanimity when I discovered that she was drawing out our companion, and amusing herself with his pompous, pretentious ways. Mr. Sotheran, ambling along beside her, his elbows squared out at right angles with his body, was directing attention to the defects of German agriculture, as evidenced in the fields which stretched to right and left of us, and drawing disparaging comparisons between the benighted foreigner and the true-born Briton. He was a little too much given to talking about "my estates," "my tenants," "the instructions I gave to my agent before leaving home," and so forth; and he was easily encouraged to dilate upon these topics with a magniloquence which afforded ample room for ridicule of a covert kind. I don't know whether he suspected that Lady Constance was making fun of him, or whether he took note of the sarcastic comments which she let fall between his windy periods; but if he did, he bore his punishment like a stoic. To me, at all events, it was a comfort and a pleasure to perceive that she knew him for the dull fellow that he was.

A ride of little over an hour brought us to Friedensberg, a fine old mediæval fortress, backed and flanked by woods, and standing on a steep hill-side high above the valley of the Schlummerbach. There we should have dismounted, in order to scale the cliffs behind the castle, which were approached by a rough path accessible only to pedestrians. But Lady Constance did not at once follow the example of Mr. Sotheran, who had already got off his horse, and was nodding approvingly at the prospect, just as he had done on a previous occasion in Sicily.

"I hate walking in a riding-habit," she said. "Don't you think we might ride to the top?"

The guardian of the place, to whom this question was referred, replied by a decided negative. "Out of the question, gracious lady! You would lose your life if you attempted such a thing."

Lady Constance remained unconvinced. "Has it never been done?" she asked.

"Never!" answered the man, emphatically. "Never in the world!"

"Then," cried she, "let us be the first that ever burst into those silent woods on horseback. Come along, Mr. Maxwell. Mr. Sotheran, I suppose you are not afraid?"

Mr. Sotheran, who was still on foot, glanced at the heights above us, where, among beech and pine woods, could be discerned portions of a narrow track more like a staircase than a foot-path. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed; "you are not seriously proposing to ride up that place, and on a nervous young horse too! Why, the thing is impossible!"

"Well," said Lady Constance, coolly, "that is just what I want to find out. You never can tell whether a thing is impossible or not till you have tried to do it."

"But no sane person thinks it necessary to convince himself that he can't perform miracles," objected Mr. Sotheran. "Now, my dear lady, you must give up this preposterous notion. You can't be allowed to do such fool-hardy things; you can't indeed."

The words were not happily chosen. Lady Constance frowned. "I don't know who is going to prevent me from doing what I please," she answered; "but no doubt you would be more prudent to remain where you are. Are you coming with us or not?"

Mr. Sotheran looked up at the precipitous ascent, looked down at his own ponderous person, looked at his horse—a hired hack with suspicious fore-legs—and hesitated. "If I were Mr. Maxwell's age and weight, and if I had one of my own horses here," he began, "I should be willing to take my chance; but under all the circumstances—"

Lady Constance did not give him time to finish. She turned her horse's head away with a contemptuous gesture, and left him stammering wretchedly. I was really sorry for the poor man, who was being made to look like a coward when perhaps he was nothing of the sort, and whose remonstrances were quite justifiable. If I had not joined mine to his, it was because I knew that they would be worse than useless. What I hoped was that if Lady Constance were not interfered with she would presently realize for herself the danger of the task which she was undertaking, and would come to the conclusion that, whatever right she might possess of breaking her own bones, she had no business to take such liberties with her brother's horse. I myself was mounted upon a wise and sober little cob, given me some years before by my uncle. I could depend upon him to do anything in reason that he was asked to do, and to retain his self-possession under all circumstances. I therefore pushed past Lady Constance, saying that I would give her a lead, to which fortunately she offered no objection.

For a couple of hundred yards or so after leaving the castle our way led us along a sandy patch which presented no difficulties; but when we reached an abrupt ascent over ledges of rock, rising one above the other like irregular steps, Lady Constance's horse, as might have been anticipated, turned restive. He plunged, reared up, and finally wheeled round and broke away with her. She pulled him up, however, without apparent trouble, and brought him back, snorting and quivering, to the charge. This manœuvre was three times repeated, and then at last I ventured to say, "Hadn't we better give it up?"

There was a slight flush upon Lady Constance's cheeks, and her eyes, ordinarily so lustreless, were sparkling. "*You* can, if you choose," she answered; "I shall not."

After that there was nothing for me to do but to move onward and upward. My good little beast climbed like a cat, and the other—whether because he was admirably ridden or because he was fairly frightened into quiescence I can't say—contrived to follow him. The ascent proved, upon the whole, less formidable than I should have expected it to be; but it was by no means easy of accomplishment, and we traversed more than one ugly place, where a slip would almost certainly have been fatal. No doubt many people who care about doing stupid things might get their horses safely to the top of the Friedensberg; but, as a matter of fact, I believe no one ever has done it since Lady Constance and I made ourselves into a nine days' wonder by performing this feat. Neither of us spoke during the long scramble. I did not feel that I was in much personal peril; but my heart was in my mouth the whole time, and I don't know when I have experienced a greater sense of relief than when we emerged upon the grassy plateau which forms the summit of the hill.

"Well done, our side!" exclaimed my companion, triumphantly. "I was determined to do it or perish in the attempt."

"Was it worth while?" I asked, with a glance at the chestnut's streaming coat and starting eyeballs.

"I think so," she answered. "Isn't it worth a little trouble to have put Mr. Sotheran to utter confusion?"

"Do you know," said I, "I don't think that was quite fair. He could never have got up here on that spavined animal, and if he had tried it, the chances are that he would have broken his neck. I don't think I should have come, in his place."

"Yes, you would," retorted Lady Constance, sharply; "you would have come and risked your neck. Not that there was much risk about it, for he could have dismounted at any moment. But he turned cur, as I knew he would, and I'm glad of it. He won't hold up his head before me for some time to come."

I said nothing. There was a bitter malevolence in her voice which surprised me, and it seemed to me a little unworthy of her to call a man of Sotheran's age a cur for hesitating to commit what most men of fifty would have considered an act of sheer insanity.

"But I like you for taking his part," she added, by-and-by, in a softer tone. "You are quite right to stick up for fair play. Only you should understand that fair play is a luxury restricted to men. We poor women should never win a race without jockeying."

"Why should you care to win a race from that fellow?" I asked, still vaguely dissatisfied.

"Because I detest him so!" she answered, with sudden vehemence. And then, laughing a little, "Mr. Sotheran and I are like the believer and the Evil One in the Methodist hymn—

> "'The devil and me, we can't agree;
> I hate him, and he hates me.'"

"He doesn't hate you, at all events," I remarked.

"Doesn't he?—*qui vivra verra*. He thinks he adores me now; but if ever Mr. Sotheran and I become husband and wife—and more unlikely things have happened—we shall soon earn notoriety as the most quarrelsome couple in Europe. I have made it my business to study human nature, and I should have studied it to very little purpose if I couldn't recognize a bully when I see him."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, impetuously, "why do you talk of anything so horrible as marrying that man? Is it his money that you want?"

"Yes," answered Lady Constance, composedly, "just that. I can't get on without money, and I suppose a day is sure to come when I shall find myself reduced to my last farthing. That will be Mr. Sotheran's opportunity. My dear Charley," she continued—this was the first time that she had addressed me by my Christian name, but she often did it afterward—"I am no better than my neighbors; most people think that I am worse. Why should I scruple to marry for money, when hundreds of innocent young girls do the same thing every year? I should prefer not to degrade myself; I should prefer not to marry at all; I should prefer to marry anybody rather than Mr. Sotheran—you, for instance. But then I am afraid you have neither money nor lands."

I shook my head. The very mention of the possibility of such a thing as her marrying me had sent a thrill through my whole body, and yet she had only said that she preferred me to a man whom she detested. "I may have a moderate fortune some day," I said; "but it's uncertain. My uncle is not bound to leave me a penny, and I have only got a little of my own."

"And I suppose your uncle may have the bad taste to live for a good many years yet," she remarked, musingly.

"Of course," said I, "you don't know that my uncle Bernard is not like other fellows' uncles—a rich old beggar from whom one has expectations, and whom one longs to see drop off his perch. He is the best friend I have in the world, and the very last thing I could ever wish for would be to lose him."

"Yes; that is very proper and very creditable to you. Still, we must all die; and when he dies, you will be his heir, I presume?"

"I don't know," I answered; "I'd rather not talk about it. What difference can it make?"

"Really," said Lady Constance, "you are a very unusual sort of young man. After such an exhibition as I have just favored you with, anybody else would have been complimenting me on my courage, or at the very least expressing some gratitude for having been so cleverly delivered from an obnoxious third person; but you begin by lecturing me for my cruelty to the said third person, and then rebuke me in the most peremptory way for displaying an interest in your prospects. Are you quite sure that you are so very much in love with me, after all?"

I answered, sadly enough, that I was quite sure. "As sure as I am that you don't care and never will care a straw for me. That day at Taormina I was foolish enough to think—but I don't know exactly what I thought, and it doesn't signify now. It wasn't your fault; you did your best to keep me from making a fool of myself."

"No," she broke in suddenly, "I didn't do my best. On the contrary, I tried to make you lose your head. Why did you defy me, you silly boy? I am sorry now—at least I think I am sorry. But what can I do for you?"

"I don't know," I answered; "nothing, I suppose. Or rather, yes, you can do one thing—you can walk back to the castle, and let me lead your horse. The going down will be a harder matter than the coming up, I expect."

"Not for the world," she exclaimed. "I would do a good deal to oblige you, but that I can't do and won't do. If Mr. Sotheran saw me return on foot, he wouldn't believe I had ridden a yard of the way."

And in spite of all my entreaties she did ride down. How she managed it I can't tell. I myself had to clutch the back of my saddle more than once to keep myself from sliding over my horse's ears; but whenever I looked back at her she was sitting erect and composed, patting the chestnut's neck, and encouraging him to place himself in positions which I am quite sure that he had never supposed his four legs capable of assuming. And so in due time we reached our starting-point, and rejoined Mr. Sotheran, who, rather to my surprise, proved equal to the occasion.

"I have been watching your progress through a field-glass," he said, "and I see that, after all, I was mistaken in supposing that the climb was anything so extraordinary. In fact, the guardian misled me by his observations. I should have followed you if I had not thought it better to give my horse a rest."

Lady Constance said nothing, but she looked at him with a peculiar smile, and the unhappy man was withered.

All things considered, I don't know that he got more than he deserved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF ATLANTIS REPEATED.

The recent destruction of the island and volcano of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, by a subterranean outburst, vividly recalls the story of the lost continent "Atlantis," as told by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly in his book, published about a year ago by Harper & Brothers, under the title of *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*. In this remarkable and most interesting work the author maintains the theory that Atlantis was the original home of the human race, where civilization first arose, and from which the shores of the Mediterranean and North and South America were peopled. Egypt, where the story was preserved, was its most important colony.

That this vast continent once existed, and that it was destroyed by a tremendous volcanic convulsion, leaving no vestige except the peaks of the Azores, appears to be highly probable. In a similar convulsion, though on a smaller scale, the island of Krakatoa was destroyed. On the last Sunday in August, writes a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "without any warning, there was a tremendous outburst of subterranean thunder, and the volcano of Krakatoa vomited forth an ink-black cloud, which spread over the clear tropical sky with inconceivable quickness, involving the land in complete darkness. Then it began to rain scoriæ and dust, and in a very few minutes the greater part of northern Bantam, a very fertile and very populous country, was completely destroyed. Tremendous explosions followed, stones and volcanic matter being hurled to distances of from 200 to 300 miles; the sides of the great volcano were blown out into the sea, its structure collapsed, and the entire island of Krakatoa slowly subsided into the water and disappeared. On Monday morning there was not a vestige of it to be seen, the ocean having taken its place."

THE OHIO LIQUOR LAWS.

Whatever may be the effect of recent legislation in regard to the liquor traffic in Ohio upon the politics of that State, the testimony is all in favor of its practical excellence. The situation was very peculiar. The Constitution of Ohio prohibits the licensing of the trade in intoxicating drinks. The State has been more or less agitated for many years by the efforts of the radical Temperance party to secure an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the making or selling of liquor in the State. So far their efforts, for various reasons, have failed. The result has been that, since they could not secure prohibition, and were forbidden to have resort to license, the liquor traffic has been as free as the traffic in wheat or dry-goods, and much more profitable than either. With its large German element, the State has produced an enormous demand for beer, and has fully satisfied it, so that, according to local statisticians, who ought to know, there has been more light beer made and drank in Ohio of late years than in the empire of Germany—a statement which we gravely doubt, but which has a basis of truth, since the brewers of the State paid tax on over forty-five million gallons in 1881. The beer, however, has not been the only form of intoxicant in which Ohioans have indulged. The distilling interest in the State is very large. Last year it used over four million bushels of grain, from which was made over fifteen million gallons of liquor, and so long as the retail traffic in this product was unrestrained it is obvious that a considerable portion of it flowed down the throats of Ohio people.

Various attempts have been made by the Legislature of Ohio to get some sort of control of this business, or at least to derive some revenue from it. A law, called the Bond Law, was passed in 1882, which was found to be unconstitutional. Last year another law, called the Scott Law, from the name of the member who proposed it, was brought forward, and, after a good deal of discussion and hesitation, was passed. The liquor dealers instantly contested its constitutionality, employing the present Democratic candidate for Governor, Judge Hoadly, as their counsel. But this time the law was decided to be in accordance with the Constitution, and went into effect on the 20th of June. The law is strictly a tax law. It levies a tax of $200 yearly upon each person "trafficking in intoxicating liquors," which is defined as "the buying or procuring or selling of intoxicating liquors" otherwise than on prescription or for mechanical or sacramental purposes. It does not include the manufacture of liquors from raw material or the sale thereof by the manufacturer in quantities of one gallon or more. If the business is "exclusively in malt or vinous liquors," the tax is $100 a year. Various penalties are attached to violations of the law. Non-payment of the tax when due incurs a fine of twenty per cent. of the amount. Refusal to give proper information to the assessors brings the assessment up to $375. The tax is a lien on the premises occupied, and selling on premises without the written consent of the owner incurs a fine of $100, with alternative imprisonment. Selling strong liquors by persons returning only beer and wine raises the assessment to $350. All but one of these provisions, it will be noticed, are strictly confined to securing revenue.

The revenues and fines are divided as follows: In every county having a police force, three-eighths go to the police fund and three-eighths to the general fund; in counties having no police force, three-fourths go to the general fund; one-fourth in each county goes to the credit of the fund for the support of the poor. The only police regulations in the law consist of a prohibition of the sale of distilled, malt, or vinous liquors on Sunday, or their sale at any time to a minor without the written order of his parent, guardian, or family physician, or their sale to any "person intoxicated or in the habit of getting intoxicated," under penalty of a fine of from $25 to $100 and imprisonment for from five to thirty days. This prohibition is a near approach to the demands of the radical opponents of the traffic.

It is estimated by those familiar with the business of liquor-selling at retail in Ohio that this tax will yield about $2,000,000 yearly to the treasuries of the various counties. Governor Foster puts the amount rather above than below that sum. Senator Sherman put it in one of his speeches at $2,500,000. The relief to the taxpayers in a State generally so economical in its expenditures must therefore be very decided. A fair idea of its working may be obtained from the statistics for Cleveland. In that city 843 dealers were assessed $200 each, and 379 were assessed $100 each, making a total of $205,600. A correspondent in Dayton writes that all moderate men are pleased with the operation of the law. In Montgomery County the amount collected was about $70,000, of which $40,000 was expended in cleaning and improving the streets of Dayton. Popular opinion in every part of the State, so far as can be judged at present, is decidedly favorable to the law. Even the more respectable of the saloon-keepers, or "saloonists," as they are called in the elegant language of the Ohio press, approve it. The only strong opposition is political, and it remains to be seen how strong that is. But even a Democratic Legislature would hardly dare to repeal the law which has proved a source of wholly new revenue to the county treasuries, and which brings the liquor trade within the reach of police regulation.

THE COREAN EMBASSY.

On page 613 we give the portrait of Min Yong Ik, Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Corea, or Tah Chosun, to the United States, who arrived week before last, and was received by President Arthur on the 18th inst., in New York.

The ceremony took place in a parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the President, attended by the Secretary of State, the Assistant Secretary, and several other gentlemen, awaited the Embassy, about eleven o'clock in the evening. The Minister and his suite entered the room in single file. First in order, as first in dignity, came Min Yong Ik, who is a relative of the Queen of Corea, and a noble of the highest rank. He was dressed, as were his companions, in his richest robes of state. A loose garment of flowered plum-colored silk showed through its openings a snow-white tunic, also silken. The whole was belted in with a broad band covered with curiously wrought plates of gold. Upon the Ambassador's breast hung an apron with two storks embroidered in white upon a purple ground, and bordered with many brilliant colors. On his head he wore his hat of ceremony, a singular structure of silk, bamboo, and horse-hair, which, according to Corean customs, it is indispensable to wear upon all official occasions.

Second in the procession came the Vice-Minister, Hong Yong Sik, a son of the Prime Minister of the Corean Kingdom. His dress in the main resembled that of Min Yong Ik, his lower rank being denoted by the fact that only one stork was embroidered upon the apron covering his breast.

Standing in the hall, just outside the open door of the reception-room, the Ambassadors and their suite formed a single line, facing the President. At a signal from the Minister, they dropped together on their knees. Then raising their hands above their heads, they bent their bodies forward with a slow, steady sweep until their foreheads touched the ground. Remaining in this attitude a few moments, they arose and advanced into the room, President Arthur and the gentlemen with him bowing deeply as they entered. Then Secretary Frelinghuysen, coming forward, led Min Yong Ik up to the President and introduced him. The President and the Minister joined hands, looked earnestly in each other's faces for a moment, and through the interpreter exchanged some words of compliment.

Minister Min Yong Ik then pronounced his formal address to the President, speaking in his native tongue in a solemn and rather pleasant voice, and the President replied. There was a short interchange of courtesies, and the Embassy withdrew, repeating at the door the obeisance they had made on entering.

VIEWS IN ANAM.

The war of aggression that France has commenced in the far East has called attention to the little-known kingdoms tributary to China that lie to the south of that immense empire. Under the rule of the late Napoleon III. she had already taken possession of the province of Cochin China, and is now extending her sway over Tonquin and Anam. But the conquest of the country has proved far more difficult than was expected; the French forces have either been repulsed, or gained victories which have been fruitless, and as disastrous as defeats, and the ill-will of China has been aroused by the attacks on her vassal kings.

Ha-Noi is the chief commercial town of Anam, and here the advance of the invaders received a check on the 15th of August. The French forces, divided into three columns of five hundred men each, sallied out from Ha-Noi—which had been taken possession of at the beginning of the contest by the ill-fated Captain Rivière—with the design of driving the Black Flags back to Son-Tai. One of the columns attacked a village on the Red River, a few miles from Ha-Noi, but failed to take it; another was driven back from a village named Vong, and chased back to Ha-Noi by the Black Flags; the third remained idle. In another direction, however, the French attained a success. The town of Hai-Dzuong, situated at equal distances from Ha-Noi and Hai-Fong, and containing a population of thirty-five thousand souls, surrendered to Colonel Badens.

But the most important event of the campaign was the capture of the capital, Hué. This city, which has been visited by few Europeans, is situated on the river Hué, and has a history which goes back to 1350. In 1570 it became the residence of the princes of the Nouyène family, and in 1774 fell into the hands of the rebels Tay-Cheune, from whom it was recovered in 1801 by Gia-Long, who had it fortified by a French engineer. King Mink-Mang, who reigned from 1820 to 1841, added a second line of defenses within the older works, to protect more surely the royal palace and treasure-house. This royal or official city is quite distinct from the commercial town, which lies on the other side of the ditch of the fortified inclosure, and is united to the citadel only by two wooden bridges.

Hué, however, has no industry of its own except some little ornamental work, protected by the court. Such was the city which was attacked on the 18th of August and occupied on the 20th. As it approaches the sea-board the river of Hué loses itself in lagoons and swamps, and communicates with the sea by only one narrow channel. This channel of Thuanan was entered by two vessels, the *Vipère* and the *Lynx*, but they found further progress stopped by two barriers, and the river defended by a series of intrenchments armed with artillery. It would have been impossible, if these had been defended, for the French forces to have reached the city by water, but after the capture of the forts at the mouth of the Thuanan pass the Anamites demanded an armistice; it was granted, and M. Harmand proceeded to lay before the King the demands of his government. He demanded the recognition of the French protectorate over Anam and Tonquin, the annexation of the province Bin-Thuan to French Cochin China, and the occupation of the Thuanan forts by French soldiers.

France furthermore engages to drive from Tonquin the so-called "Black Flags." The title of these irregular troops ought to be translated "Black Banners" rather than "Black Flags." They play the same part in French dispatches from Anam that the Kroumirs did in their dispatches from Tunis two years ago. They are not, however, purely mythical, like the tribes invented by M. Roustan, nor are they brigands. They are the remains of the Tai-Pings, the dreaded rebels who shook the Chinese throne. When the revolt was suppressed, the unconquered survivors crossed the frontier into Anam.

REMINISCENCES OF TOURGUÉNEFF.

By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I had the pleasure of spending some very happy days in Tourguéneff's company in November and December, 1873. Dr. Julian Schmidt, who is the high-priest of the Tourguéneff worship in Germany, had given me a letter of introduction, which insured me a cordial reception. Tourguéneff was then in his full vigor—a tall, stately man of robust proportions. His face, the lower half of which was covered with a grizzly mustache and beard, was of a large and massive mould; his eyes were blue and good-natured, though usually half hidden beneath the drooping lids; his nose was straight, thick at the base, and betrayed its Sclavic origin. Nevertheless, the face in its *ensemble* gave the impression of beauty. His manner as well as his expression was that of a phlegmatic, or, as he himself insisted, an indolent man. It is difficult, however, to comprehend how a man who has accomplished so much, and whose methods are so laborious, can possibly have earned such an epithet. He made a point of always disclaiming imaginative gifts.

"I never imagined anything," he said, repeatedly. "Everything I have written is the result of experience and observation. To be frank, I have no faith in imaginative novel-writing. Leave imagination to the poets; they have need of it, and can not accomplish anything without it. What the novelist needs is a complete set of sharp senses, and a little constructive ability to put together what he sees. Flaubert's theory, I think, is the correct one, whatever one may think of his application of it. *Madame Bovary*, however, is a great book, and its worth will be recognized when most of the rest of us will be forgotten."

Again and again he returned to this theme during my intercourse with him in the winter of 1873; and he even did me the honor to send me Flaubert's works, including that extraordinary mystical mélange, *La Tentation de St.-Antoine*, which overtook me as soon as I had crossed the Atlantic. In his letters he spoke frequently of visits to Flaubert, for whom he entertained the warmest regard, and exhorted me to study his writings, which were the most notable phenomena in French literature since Balzac. His criticism on my own performances, which he always had the kindness to read, were from the point of view of scientific naturalism; and I could not help making the reflection that if he had been faithful to his own creed he could not have escaped rivalry with Zola. But the fact was, he was much more of an artist than he himself suspected, and science, though he abstractly recognized its authority and its civilizing mission, was yet very remote from his sphere of thought. If he did not write like Flaubert, he said, it was only because he could not. Flaubert was a scientifically educated man, while he (Tourguéneff) was not. In his youth young people had not yet waked up to the importance of scientific study; they stuffed themselves instead with the barren abstractions of German philosophers. He had himself for a time drawn from the muddy fount of Hegelian philosophy; it had left an oppressive emptiness in his soul and a bitter taste in his mouth. Education had of late taken a much more sensible turn, and the wide-spread discussion of and interest in scientific matters augured an educational revolution before the century was much older.

In the spring of 1879 I had again occasion to spend some months in Paris, and did not tarry long before paying my respects to Tourguéneff. He had just then returned from a visit to his estates in Russia, and had made observations which had filled him with apprehension. His brother had recently died, and, as I understood, had willed some of his property to him. This was the immediate occasion for his journey. His friends, however, of which he had more than he ever had dreamed, had persisted in thrusting him into notoriety by sending deputations to meet him, giving banquets in his honor, and altogether making him quite uncomfortable by their homage. In St. Petersburg they gave a dinner for him, at which he had been compelled to make a speech, and he had had the courage to say frankly what filled his heart. He had counselled moderation, attempted to curb the headlong violence of the revolutionists and their well-wishers, but had plainly betrayed that, in a way, he shared their hopes and sympathized in their ultimate aim—the abolishment of despotism. The condition of Russia was so deplorable that it was difficult to see how it could be worse. The secret police and the system of paid denunciation threatened to undermine the security of society. Nobody was safe any longer, and it was often brave and honorable men who were exposed to suspicion and persecution. For all that, violence could never cure these social disorders. Violence produced only a further relapse into barbarism, and postponed the era of constitutional liberty into a still dimmer future.

In this vein he spoke, and the next morning he received a visit from an agent of the secret police, and a letter from some lofty personage, counselling him in the most courteous language to leave Russia without further delay.

"I had business to attend to," said Tourguéneff, "and I could not leave. I therefore respectfully declined. I went to Moscow. There too the students insisted upon making demonstrations in my honor. It was of no avail that I entreated them to leave me alone and to keep quiet. Again I received a warning from the authorities, urging that if I would not quit Russia on my own account, I must be aware that my presence afforded an excuse for disloyal demonstrations, and that I would, without the slightest provocation on my part, plunge many young men into misery. This argument I could not afford to ignore, for I recognized that it was true. I therefore hastened to my estates, and as soon as my business permitted, returned to Paris."

"I should think," I remarked, "that you would have felt anxious for your own safety."

"Oh no," he replied; "they would have hesitated long before they would have molested me. If I should ever take up my residence there, perhaps I might become sufficiently inconvenient to make them overcome their scruples. But that is, of course, out of the question. I confess, however, that the temptation often comes to me, and never so frequently as now. There seems to be a work for me to do there which I could find nowhere else, and if I were twenty years younger, perhaps I might undertake it. But I am sixty years old now, and am no longer in robust health. The gout is torturing me, and is slowly travelling up toward the vital parts. One does not recognize a new vocation at sixty, especially when one is as gouty and as indolent as I am."

Many other scattered observations on Russia and Russian affairs I find among the notes which I jotted down while returning from a walk or a ride with Tourguéneff in the Bois de Boulogne. He was, as he always had been, overwhelming me with kindness, introducing me to Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Ernest Renan, and many others whose acquaintance I highly valued. As Frenchmen found my name hard to pronounce, they finally abandoned the attempt to identify me except by the honorable sobriquet, "M. l'ami de M. Tourguéneff." Among the several Americans whom I, in turn, received permission to introduce to him, there was especially one who pleased him, and to whose visit he repeatedly referred with pleasure, and that one was Mark Twain. It may, perhaps, please him to know what a man whom he revered as he did Tourguéneff thought of him.

"There, now," the Russian exclaimed, the first time I met him after Mr. Clemens's call—"there is a man who at last conforms to my notion of what an American ought to be. Your other friends here—and yourself, too, for that matter—are mere typeless cosmopolitans; you might be almost anything. But this man has a physiognomy; he has the flavor of the soil."

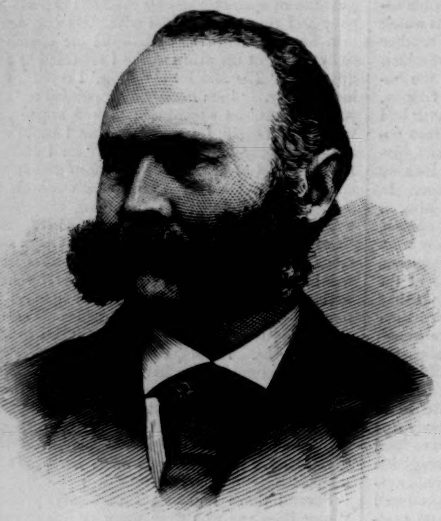
He had read *Roughing It* with sincere pleasure. *Innocents Abroad* he did not care much about, and its humor had a peculiarly grotesque flavor, which did not appeal to him. But *Roughing It* contained situations which equalled or even surpassed anything in Bret Harte. That "M. Fanshaw's funeral," he said, ought to suffice to make a man immortal. Of Bret Harte, Tourguéneff also entertained a high opinion, though he feared from what he had seen of his later work that prosperity was proving dangerous to him—that, in fact, he was losing his self-criticism. Among the other American authors with whose works he was acquainted he regarded Hawthorne as the greatest, although, to be frank, he had no affinity for him. Among the English authors he had several good friends, particularly Carlyle, who was a great and vigorous personality, and gifted with a power of denunciation which had not been equalled since the days of the Hebrew prophets. As for Tennyson, he had never been able to discover the secret of his popularity, and attributed it chiefly to the absence in English poetry of to-day of more vigorous and original minds. He had visited the Laureate at his country place, and had been pleasantly entertained by him; but his estimate of his genius had only been confirmed by personal intercourse.

"The philosopher, Mr. Lewes, the husband of George Eliot," he went on, "always displayed much interest in my writings, and I had the pleasure of spending several evenings in his company and that of his gifted wife. On one occasion he took me aside and asked me confidentially which of his wife's works I regarded as the greatest. '*The Mill on the Floss*,' I replied, unhesitatingly. 'I am greatly disappointed to hear you say that,' he exclaimed; 'I had hoped you would say *Daniel Deronda*.' 'That I could not conscientiously do,' was my reply; 'for I confess I like it least of any. It is a work of great ability; but it is not of the kind which appeals to me. After *The Mill on the Floss*, my choice would be *Adam Bede* or *Silas Marner*.' Mr. Lewes was amazed that our views were so diametrically opposed; but I assured him that I was in no sense a critic, and that my preferences were a matter of temperament rather than reflection. George Eliot, with whom I had some agreeable talks, never in my presence alluded to any of her works. In fact, I derived the impression that she did not like to have any one talk about them. Her style always seemed to me unfortunate. In spite of her great insight and dramatic power, she expressed herself in an overelaborate and cumbrous manner. If she had been less great, her style would have made her works to me positively unpalatable."

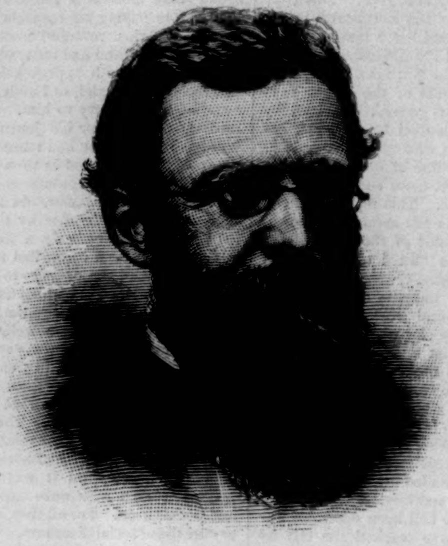
Several times I met at Tourguéneff's house young Russians who were more or less directly connected with the Nihilist movement. Especially do I remember vividly a young man with a strangely bewildered expression, who had been imprisoned for seven years in the fortress of Kiev. The terrible hardships he had endured had almost destroyed his humanity, and Tourguéneff was endeavoring to re-awaken his interest in life. As far as I remember, his crime consisted in having taken part in some demonstration in front of the Czarowitz's palace, and to have expressed on several occasions disloyal sentiments. He was imprisoned without trial or sentence, and at the end of seven years, when his cell was needed for somebody else, he was pulled out into the sudden glare of the daylight and told to go. His first impulse was one of annoyance at having been disturbed, and his only desire was to creep back into his dark and dingy hole. His life was ruined; he did not know where to turn. His only refuge seemed to be alliance with the Nihilists, with whom he had not formerly been associated. Somehow he obtained from them means to go to Paris, where he became one of Tourguéneff's many pensioners. At the latter's request he began to write a record of his life, merely as an effort of memory, so as to regain his hold upon existence. When he had finished a chapter he went to Tourguéneff and read it aloud to him, receiving his suggestions and criticisms. It was on such an occasion that I was admitted to Tourguéneff's study, and when this young man had taken his departure the sad story of his wrecked life was related to me. Another time as I entered I found the novelist engaged in making peace between two young revolutionists who had challenged each other to mortal combat.

"It is terrible," said my host, "how deeply rooted the barbaric instincts are in many Russians, even those who have a gloss of European culture. At heart, I am afraid, most of us are yet Asiatics. And what can you do with a people like that? If you give them a parliament and constitutional government on the English pattern, they would not know what to do with it. It would result in anarchy. An imprudent experiment in communal and municipal self-government is now being tried, but the material for intelligent voters appears even there very scanty. What I blame the government for is not that it refuses to inaugurate sweeping reforms, but that it winks at corruption, and by its horrible secret police and spy system further brutalizes the people, instead of educating it for a better state of things. Its barbarous punishments for such offenses as are included under the term 'political,' so far from preventing disloyal sentiments, produce rather a reckless despair which makes violence easy and natural. This I have preached to my young revolutionary friends a hundred times, but it makes no impression upon them. They don't care what becomes of their great-grandchildren; they say they prefer to reap the blessings of liberty and constitutional government in their own lifetime. Well, so, to be sure, would I; but neither they nor I can undo Russia's past, of which her present and her future are the inevitable results. It is the sudden flooding of the country with so-called modern thought which has produced Nihilism. This thought had not grown in our soil, and could not have grown there. It was like an intoxicating ether which unsettled the national reason. There is a danger in being too rapidly civilized, in anticipating the slow growth of history. Japan, they say, is being destroyed by a too high civilization, and I am not enough of a prophet to say what the result will be in Russia."

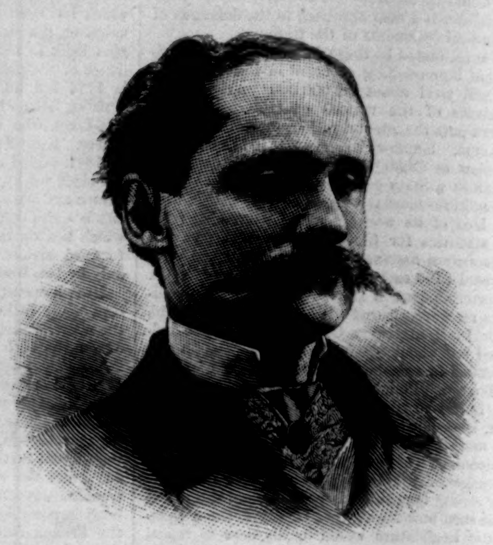
I have made the above extracts from my notebooks, omitting my own questions and occasional comments, and placing in juxtaposition remarks which were not always made on the same occasion. The problems which were agitating Russia interested me greatly, and I believe Tourguéneff had less hesitation in speaking his mind freely to me, because I was a foreigner, and because he knew that I was in sympathy with his ideas. Nevertheless, what I sought was only information, which he had the kindness never to refuse me. After much deliberation I have come to the conclusion that there could be no objection to publishing his views, now that he is dead, and is permanently beyond the reach of the government which in his lifetime did so much to persecute and annoy him. As the unprejudiced views of a man whose experience had afforded him exceptional opportunities for observation, they can scarcely fail to be of value.



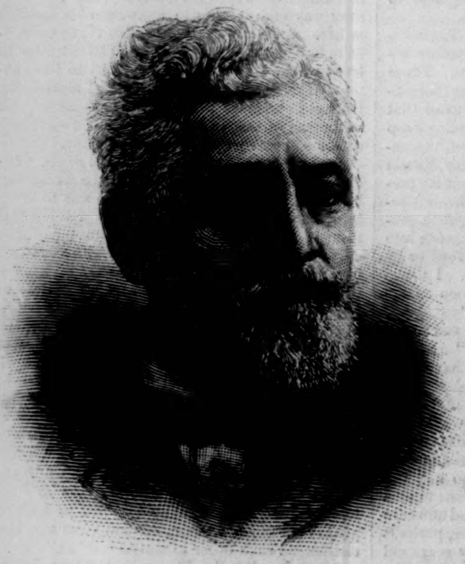
GENERAL JOSEPH B CARR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.



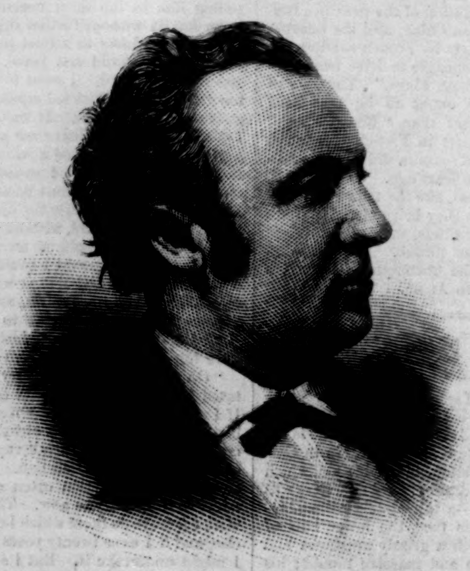
THE HON. PLINY T. SEXTON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.



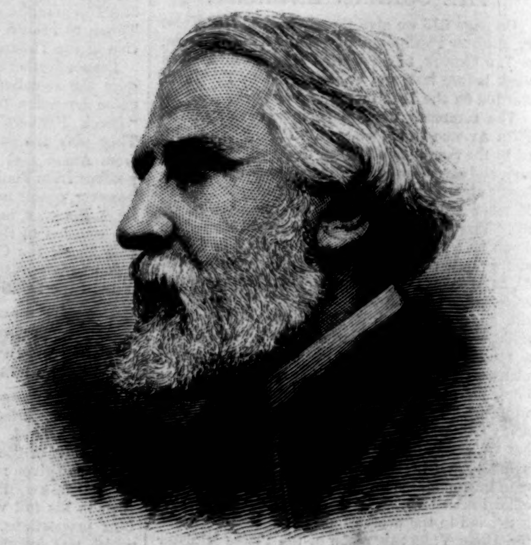
THE HON. IRA DAVENPORT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE COMPTROLLER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.



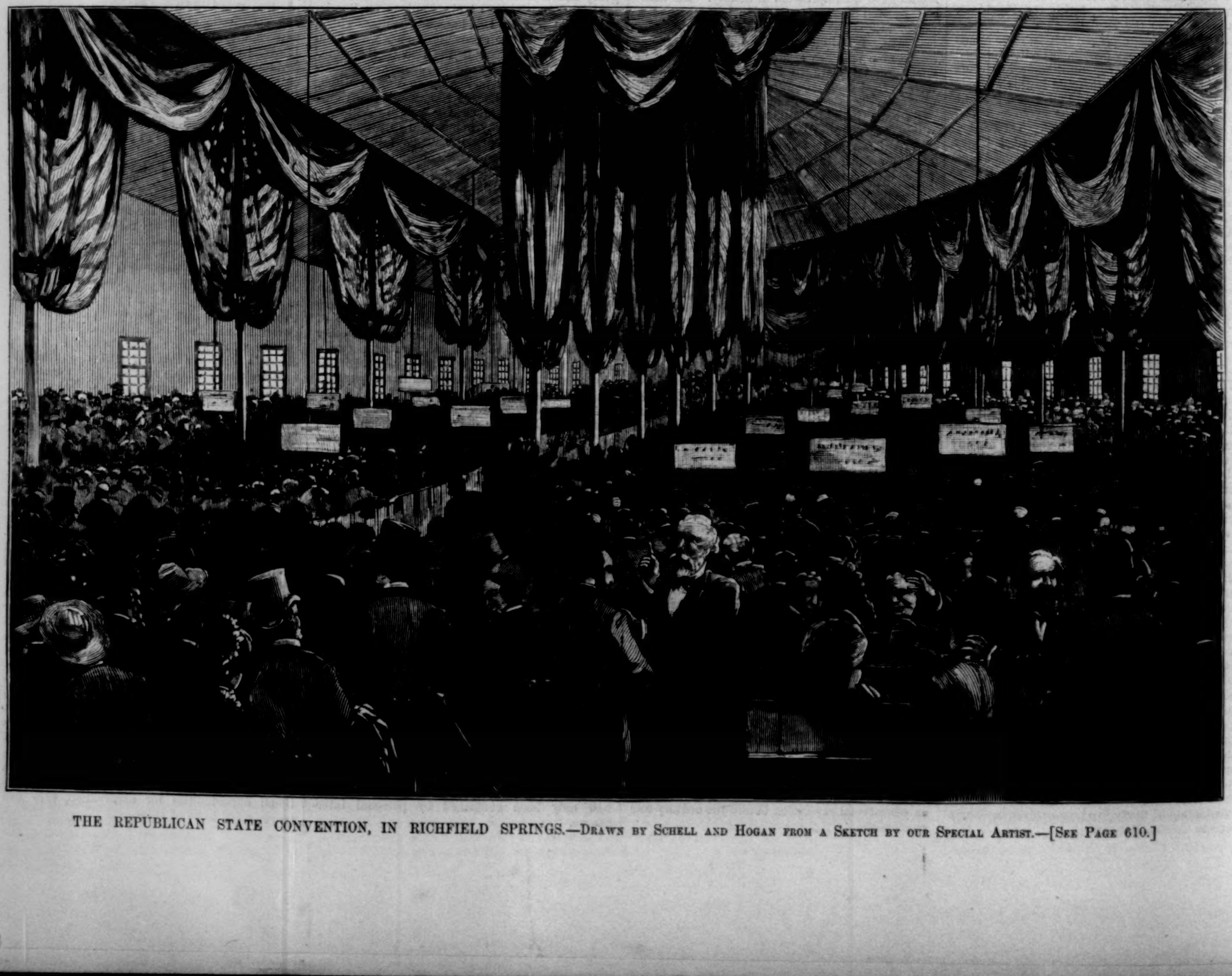
GENERAL SILAS SEYMOUR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE ENGINEER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELTON.



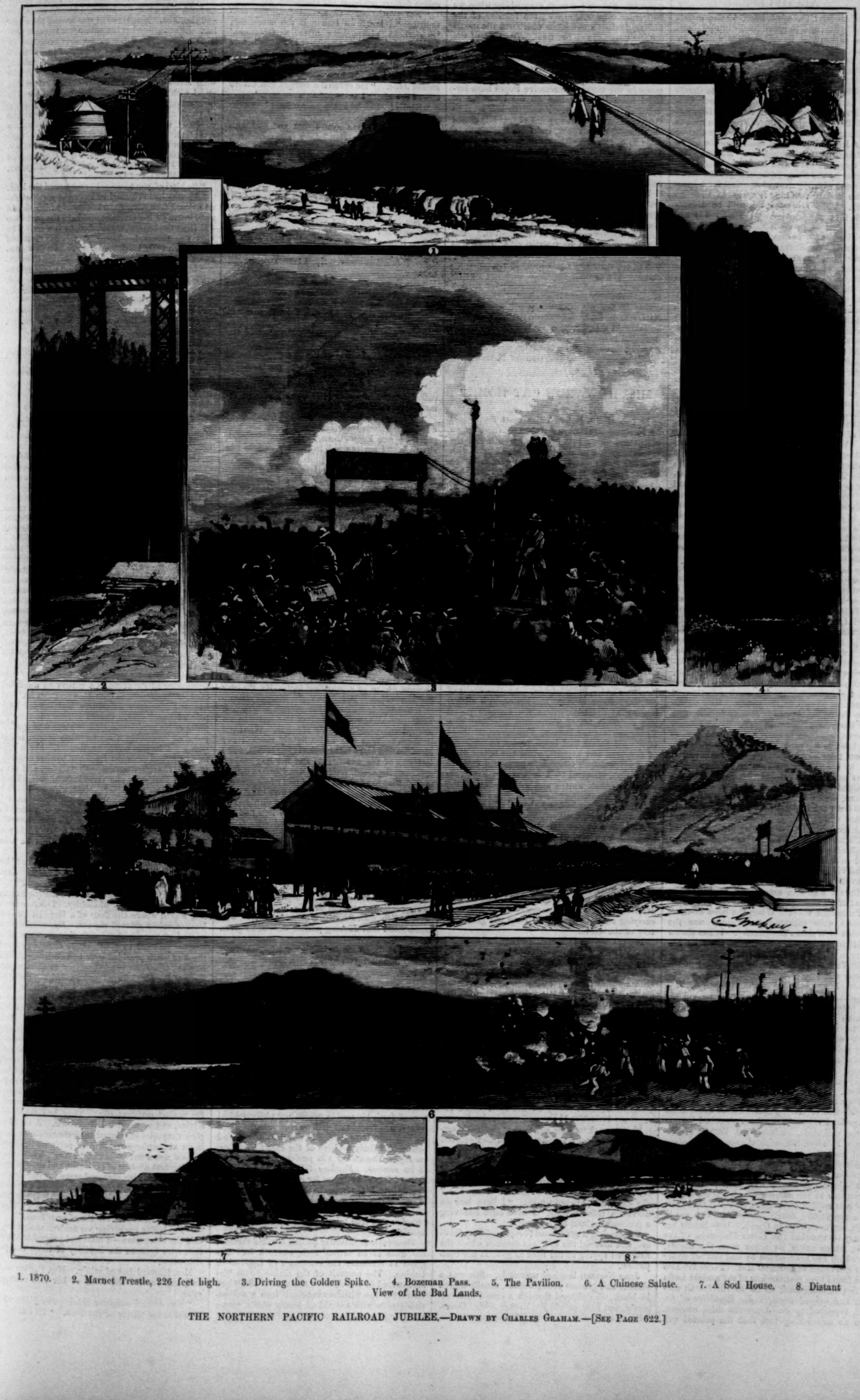
LESLIE W. RUSSELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOUGH.



Ив. Тургеневъ —[SEE PAGE 615.]



THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION, IN RICHFIELD SPRINGS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 610.]



1. 1870. 2. Marnet Trestle, 226 feet high. 3. Driving the Golden Spike. 4. Bozeman Pass. 5. The Pavilion. 6. A Chinese Salute. 7. A Sod House. 8. Distant View of the Bad Lands.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD JUBILEE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 622.]

THE OPENING OF THE VATICAN ARCHIVES.

Pope Leo XIII. has appealed to history to justify the Papacy, and to prove its usefulness, both now and in the past, to the civilized world. In order to make his appeal authoritative, he has thrown open the archives of the Vatican, under restrictions, no doubt, but, we may hope, under such restrictions as will not, in the end, exclude any conscientious scholar. In a letter to Cardinal De Luca, Vice-Chancellor of the Church, Cardinal Pietra, Librarian, and Cardinal Hergenröther, Prefect of the Archives, the Pope admits that the study of ecclesiastical history in our century has impaired the estimation in which the Church is held throughout Europe. He would therefore have what he deems false history refuted by the true, and he charges the cardinals named with the duty of opening for inspection the archives of the Papacy to Catholic scholars. Then he believes it will be demonstrated that the Papacy has rendered innumerable services to civilization, and that it is still indispensable to the progress of mankind. The letter is long, filling five columns of the *Osservatore Romano*, and has received respectful comment from Italian papers of nearly all shades of political opinion. They place especial emphasis on the fact that the contention between Italy and the Church is now shifted to a new ground; that instead of meeting history by an appeal to infallibility, Leo will meet history by an appeal to the documents from which history is written. This is a great step in advance for the Papacy; it is the act of an enlightened sovereign, and if the result shall not be a change of the verdict of our age upon the questions at issue between it and Rome, we shall at least have access to treasures of information which have been hitherto locked and barred against all curious explorers. One thing is clear; the Papacy confesses itself to be put upon the defensive, and opens its storehouse of original documents in order to vindicate itself. What this means for historical students is well expressed by the London *Times:* "It is as if the Governor of the Bank of England were to stand in Threadneedle Street and request passers-by to help themselves from the cellars and tills." The history of the Papacy is in large part the history of Europe. Represented in every court in former ages, its bishops often holding the highest civil and political offices, it has had a place in the life of every nation, and has been the inspirer or antagonist of nearly all national policies.

This is, however, but one step. It has been announced prematurely that the Pope has opened the entire Vatican Library to the public. It is much to be wished that he had so done; but we have failed to see in the papal letter sufficient ground for the announcement. The carefully guarded ancient manuscripts will still, we fear, be kept under lock and key; the old jealousy, which has made the examination of them by Protestant scholars so difficult and so unsatisfactory, will still make them next to inaccessible. Special permission has had at all times to be secured for the seeing of the small selection of manuscripts shown to the public. How unlike this to the treatment of the student by the other great libraries of Europe! The Royal Library of Germany is open to every adult who wishes to use a book in the reading-room. University officers can take books to their homes for examination; by special arrangement books and manuscripts are sent to scholars for perusal, or are forwarded to public libraries near their homes. Lechler, the author of the *Life of Wycliffe*, received from the Imperial Library of Vienna forty volumes of the English reformer's unpublished works for leisurely study. The manuscripts of the University of Cambridge are accessible to accredited scholars who are known to be engaged in useful investigations, and the *Codex Alexandrinus* lies open before the eye of the visitor to the British Museum. It seems hard that the library which in manuscript wealth is the richest of all should be practically closed against the Protestant world. When the most of these treasures were gathered the Papacy was the guardian of Western Christianity. It has shown its fidelity in keeping; let it now show its liberality in imparting of its stores.

The Vatican Library is the monument of the sagacity and love of learning of a long series of Popes. It was founded in the fifteenth century by Nicolas V.—himself a student and a munificent patron of literature. It was his ambition to make Rome the centre of the learned world, and he applied himself mightily to his task. Greek scholars from Constantinople were especially welcomed by him, and the manuscript treasures of that doomed city were drawn to his own capital. The additions of Nicolas to the already existing Papal Library were 5000 manuscripts. The Library Building was erected by Pope Sixtus V. in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Entire collections of manuscript and printed volumes have been absorbed by this master collection, such as the library of the Elector Palatine, the original manuscripts plundered from Prague by Gustavus Adolphus, and in this century the library of Cardinal Zelada, and so late as 1856 nearly 7000 volumes which once belonged to Cardinal Mai. Other libraries exceed this in the number of printed books, but no one is so rich in manuscripts. Of these last there are 25,600, nearly 20,000 of which are in Latin, and over 3500 in Greek. It is hardly necessary to mention the *Codex Vaticanus* of the Bible, which takes its name from the library, and which has been edited by and printed under the supervision of Cardinal Mai. There are also to be found here manuscripts of the ancient Latin classics running back as far as the fourth century, and one of them, a *De Republica* of Cicero, supposed to date from the third century. It is an astonishing fact that the printed volumes have never been accurately counted, so that estimates of their number vary from 100,000 to 200,000. This is the more astonishing when we remember that Nicolas V., the founder of the library, devised a catalogue which was the model for the librarians of his time. The lists of the printed volumes in use are written, and are for the librarians only. There are also printed catalogues of manuscripts in certain special lines. The building itself is the finest for library purposes in the world. Successive Popes have lavished upon its decoration all the resources of painting and sculpture. Nominally it is open to visitors every day, but in point of fact it is closed on Thursdays, feast days, and from the month of June to the month of November. The ordinary visitor is hurried through the halls by the custodian, who punctually takes the prescribed fee, and, as he passes along, sees only the locked doors of the cases which contain the manuscripts.

We are still left to conjecture how far the liberal offer of Leo XIII. will be construed, by the cardinals named, to extend. "None," says the London *Times*, "not known to be of unimpeachable Catholicity are likely to be admitted." But will this limitation be insisted on? Even if it be, the world will be the gainer by the publication of the documents laid away in the papal archives. We are not surprised that the concession is bound up with restrictions; for even a liberal, scholarly Pope is awkwardly liberal; liberality is not a customary papal virtue. Leo XIII. may be assured, however, that in every step he takes in this direction he will be met by the increased respect and the applause of lovers of learning throughout the Christian world.

George R. Crooks.

MRS. HOWARD'S "AT HOME."

I.

In one of the Italian cities most frequented by foreigners for winter residence there is an old palace with a coat of arms carved above the entrance gate, a mouldy inner court adorned with battered statues, and a neglected garden in the rear. The noble family, rightful owners, has dwindled to an impecunious son, habitué of the Nice clubs, an uncle, canon of a cathedral, and a sister, married to a senator of the kingdom. These distinguished people revert to the old palace only to extort the uttermost farthing of rent from such tenants as choose to inhabit the vast chambers. Decay has set its seal on arch and court, but Banksia roses still bloom on the boundary wall, and a Judas-tree blushes in pink sprays in honor of the spring-time. A porter no longer guards the entrance, and beggars roam up the dark stairway to jangle bells in quest of alms, for the water-pumper of the house, a swarthy man clad in a shirt of purple flannel, who perpetually vanishes and pops out of oblique little doors in dusty corners, is not empowered to drive away mendicants. At the date of which we write an intruder of inquiring mind would have perceived a small visiting-card nailed to the door of the first-floor apartment bearing the name of Mrs. Horatio Fowler, Philadelphia. Another flight of the worn steps brought the visitor to a second landing of red tiles, where the massive portal had a similar bit of pasteboard inscribed Mrs. Thompson Howard, Boston. Further on, the doors of the old palace had brass plates innumerable of cavaliers and avocats, while the upper story was occupied by a countess, who sallied forth in gay toilets, attended by a footman in livery, reputed to polish knives and wash dishes in the privacy of home.

"They take pot-luck up there," affirmed Mrs. Howard's Caterina, with a toss of her pretty head.

At twelve o'clock, on a spring morning, the postman rang several bells attached to the entrance gate, like the brass stops of an organ, and proceeded to sift his harvest of letters and journals for the respective lodgers. Simultaneously doors flew open, and baskets spun down the well of the staircase, held by cords. The postman carefully freighted these receptacles, and the baskets ascended again with the news of the day, each carrying some hope or pain from the great lottery of the world.

Pretty Caterina, in her crimped hat, had emerged on the landing and lowered her basket—a measure to be deplored as derogating from all style, but necessary, since the cook had gone to market. Caterina smiled down on the postman—a brilliant glance intercepted by a new man-servant on the first floor. He was young, and of fascinating exterior. His black hair was puffed out on either side of his head, his eyes were lustrous, and his mustache knowingly twisted to a point.

"Santa Madonna! the signora below has set up a man-servant!" she announced, presenting a small note from the basket to her expectant mistress.

Mrs. Howard received note and statement in dignified silence. She opened the missive, and a smile of triumph shone on her face. "He accepts my invitation!" she exclaimed, aloud.

This remark was the key-note of the lady's ambition. She was a lion-hunter, and had secured a fresh prize.

"Where is Miss Norman?" she added.

"The signorina went out for a mouthful of fresh air," replied Caterina.

Jane Norman entered swiftly. "I am late," she explained, apologetically. "I have had an adventure this morning. I have been following a gentleman about for an hour."

"Following a gentleman!" repeated Mrs. Howard, and lowered the eyeglass through which she had been spying at the note to gaze at her companion.

Jane Norman laughed nervously. She was a slender and genteel young woman, usually attired in black, who slipped through a crowd unobtrusively, and kept well in the background. Granted the sympathy of congenial intercourse, her hazel eyes became brilliant and her smile winning, while such incense as good-humored masculine flattery rendered her charming.

"The gentleman was a stranger," she continued. "I heard an Italian in the crowd say, 'See those pickpockets after a forestiero.' Then I noticed two young men lounging before a shop."

"Well?" said Mrs. Howard, impatiently.

"I kept between him and the thieves," resumed Jane. "He entered a church, and before one of the altars I managed to warn him."

"Really! Did he know your name?"

"Oh no."

"Probably he was aware that you live with me. I admit no clandestine acquaintances, mind."

Jane winced, and repented of her rash confidence. She was not likely to forget her dependent position under Mrs. Howard's needle-pricks of reminder.

"He knew nothing except that I was a country-woman," said the younger woman, taking up her pen. "Is there any correspondence for me this morning?"

Mrs. Howard began to scribble wildly notes of invitation to her acquaintance. The card read: "Mrs. Howard at home. April 12. To meet Mr. Poynter."

"Mr. Poynter, the celebrated author, is coming," explained the patroness, complacently. "You know his writings, of course. They have been all the rage in America for the past five years."

"No," said Jane, directing a pyramid of envelopes.

"He wrote the novel of the season: *Nothing, an Idyl.*"

"I never read it," added Jane.

"His poems have been collected into a volume called *Dandelion-down.* His most profound romance, they say, is *Feathers.*"

"Will you invite the ladies of the first floor?" demanded Jane, demurely.

"I do not know them," said Mrs. Howard, sharply. "I am obliged to be very careful—in my position."

"They had an English Lord and an Italian Marchese to dine last night," warned Jane.

"Indeed!" Mrs. Howard's eyes sparkled with anger.

Thursday dawned. Mrs. Howard received with stately elegance of demeanor, in black velvet trimmed with antique lace. Her rooms, once occupied by an English poet, were hung with tapestries, plaques of majolica, and dim pictures. Nothing more modern in the way of a chair than the spindle legs of the Louis Quatorze period was permitted. Soon the great yellow salon, with portières of black and gold, and walls finished in amber damask, was thronged, chiefly by ladies, all eager to see Mr. Poynter, the American author. Mrs. Howard had long wielded the sceptre of a social despot. She set up some, and put down others, with a high hand. Power had rendered her arrogant.

Jane Norman, pouring tea in a small boudoir, became aware of a startling fact. Mr. Poynter did not come. Mrs. Howard's company smile was a trifle forced, and her glance abstracted. Time passed, and the guest of the occasion remained conspicuous by his absence. What did it mean? Was she to be lightly mocked at? Mortification and wrath awoke in her breast. The last cup of tea was drank, and the last curious spectator departed. Already Mrs. Howard beheld gossip, that most tantalizing of petty foes, spreading wing at her door to soar away over the Anglo-American colony of the foreign city with such a piquant item of news as that the lion had not appeared at all, or made excuse.

Later a rumor reached the second-floor apartment, filtered through Caterina and Luigi, the new man-servant below. Mr. Poynter had spent two hours with Mrs. Fowler and her daughters. As if this were not sufficient gall and wormwood for one day, some of Mrs. Howard's guests had looked in on Mrs. Fowler in departing, and had been presented to the affable author. These were chiefly matrons with eligible daughters, who understood that dancing parties were to be given here.

"What does such an insult mean to one of my family and position?" cried Mrs. Howard.

II.

Edward Poynter was tall, plain of feature, and of middle age. He had learned in the battle of life not to wear his heart on his sleeve. A better tailor would have rendered him distinguished, while a more ample sweep of black hair would have imparted eccentricity to his appearance. A traveller without enthusiasm, because travel had come too late; a cool spectator of the crowd; a man infinitely amused, and a trifle scornful of his own popularity: such was the hero of Mrs. Howard's at home. In earlier college days and during the struggles of an editorial career he had poured forth his soul in poems and philosophical essays, which had met with no recognition. Then he had turned to a society novel in anger, and produced, grimly derisive of the effort, *Nothing, an Idyl.* The author was profoundly astonished at its success. *Feathers* followed, and fashion claimed Edward Poynter for its own. His dislike of publicity, his aversion to small-talk, his attempt to remain secluded, only enhanced his value. Possibly these lighter works possessed facility of expression and true talent which he alone refused to recognize.

The previous Saturday he had strolled through the halls of an artists' club, where a ball was given to celebrate the centenary of Raphael of Urbino. The portrait of the divine youth was embowered in laurel, while the artistic fancy had converted the withdrawing-room into a submarine grotto, with the aid of pearly shells, pasteboard crabs and lobsters, coral, and electric lights, for the repose of panting dancers. Here Mr. Poynter had been presented to a bevy of his country-women—tall ladies and short ladies, young and old, with every gradation of human stoutness and slimness. Mrs. Howard was among the number. In accepting her invitation the vaguest possible impression of her personality remained in his mind. The date was treasured in his note-book. On Thursday he sought the old palace, inspected the mouldy court, and ascended the wide stairway. On the first landing a servant stood with the door open. The servant was the fascinating Luigi, intent on obtaining a glimpse of Caterina above, and also with an eye to the company which should flock to Mrs. Howard's reception.

"Is the signora at home?" inquired the author.

Luigi bowed, and ushered him into the presence of Mrs. Fowler and her charming offspring, Frances, Mabel, and Georgina.

"So kind of you to come!" murmured the lady.

She also had schemed to have the distinguished writer adorn some entertainment which should shed lustre on her position, and here the partridge fell from the heaven, all roasted, as it were. The visit was pleasant. The young ladies fluttered about with their birthday books, and a few dowagers dropped in. Mr. Poynter described the manner in which a lady had warned him of pickpockets a few days before. The Fowler girls giggled.

"You must come to our Flower Fair for the new American church," said Mrs. Fowler.

"Madame, I am confident your daughters will be rose-buds on the occasion," was the gallant response.

The maidens clapped their hands.

"What a lovely idea!" exclaimed the eldest, archly.

Mr. Poynter found them in harmony with their surroundings. Every bracket and table was freighted with *bibelots*, even as the Misses Fowler were decked with buckles, chains, sashes, and tinkling bracelets.

"Thank you for a delightful hour—a—Mrs. Howard," said Edward Poynter, with an effort of memory.

Then he withdrew, serenely conscious of having acquitted himself creditably of a somewhat irksome obligation, and all ignorant of the storm he had aroused above-stairs.

Left alone, the Fowlers burst into incontrollable laughter. Mabel seated herself at the piano and performed a rattling Strauss waltz, while her mother and sisters joined hands and danced around the room.

"What fun! He thought you were Mrs. Howard!" cried Frances.

The Flower Fair for the fund of the new American church succeeded Mrs. Howard's at home so swiftly that the mortified lady hoped it would serve to efface the remembrance of her misfortunes. Vain delusion! Everybody knew before the lapse of twenty-four hours that the famous author had visited Mrs. Fowler of Philadelphia, and ignored Mrs. Howard of Boston. The culpable one manifested no sign of contrition for his misdemeanor.

Edward Poynter was recalled from dreamy contemplation of Perugino in a gallery by a printed card of invitation to the Flower Fair. A face haunted him, pure in outline and lighted by a pair of hazel eyes. Seated before the masterpiece of his preference, he had yielded to the impulse of inscribing a tender little sonnet in his note-book to this unknown woman. For a moment she had emerged from the sombre obscurity of a church fragrant with incense, and read his own soul with one vivid look, then vanished again. Who was she? Maid, wife, or widow? What was the secret of the seemingly candid eyes, for surely there was a shadow of pathos in them? The enigma of a woman's glance tantalized and interested him. Why? He could not decide. The moment had come when he was wax to such an impression.

"What would this world be without fairs?" he mused. "I suppose I am expected to buy velvet pincushions and impossible blotting-books."

He tore up the sonnet, scattered the fragments, and went to the bazar of charity. The American flag waved above the door of a large hall, and a hum of voices greeted the ear. Edward Poynter paused on the threshold with that contemplative manner peculiar to him. Stalls of flowers lined the wall, each presided over by fair ladies attired like the blossoms vended. Near at hand a parterre of Poppies swayed and nodded, the flame of color extending from scarlet satin bodices, tufted with wheat sprays, to little nosegays which seemed to have been dropped from the passing car of Ceres. Further on, a Variegated Pink spread her aromatic-scented wares in friendly proximity to an Ox-eyed Daisy in a corsage decked with silver leaves. The Wild Convolvulus peeped coquettishly from her bower of trailing vines, while the Corn-flower enhanced the value of her simple bouquets by brushing them with her roguish lips. Edward Poynter was not slow to recognize the Misses Fowler in this galaxy of beauty. He smiled involuntarily. They had taken his advice, and represented Rose-buds. A cloud of pink draperies enveloped their corner shrine, and in an atmosphere redolent of perfume the three sisters attracted admiring eyes. They wore shepherdess dresses of pink silk, and their blonde hair sparkled with diamond stars for dew-drops.

"There is Mr. Poynter," remarked Mrs. Fowler, and approached the clergyman who was conversing with Mrs. Howard. "I do hope we shall make a lot of money for the church fund."

"The ladies are giving me zealous assistance," said the clergyman—a mild and peaceable Christian, who ignored the hostility of these two parishioners.

Mrs. Howard bowed stiffly. Mrs. Fowler nodded, and rustled the folds of her rich crimson robe.

"You should welcome Mr. Poynter," she continued to the pastor of the flock. "He has come to see my girls dressed as rose-buds. Such a dear man as he is, and not a bit spoiled by flattery. You know him, madam?"

"I have met him," replied Mrs. Howard, with her most stately bearing.

Pride goes before a fall. The clergyman hastened toward the door, but before he reached it Edward Poynter darted away toward the lower end of the hall. Mrs. Fowler's countenance lengthened. The eldest Miss Fowler pricked her finger smartly on a thorn of the moss-covered table.

Edward Poynter had discovered in his leisurely survey of the scene a shrine of the Lily-of-the-Valley, with a single occupant standing calm and fair amidst the sheaves of delicate waxen bells and long, cool leaves. White silk tulle softly enveloped her, and from a trellis of green chenille rose a slender throat and a graceful head, with a single pearl for ornament in the dark hair. The Lily-of-the-Valley was Jane Norman, escaped from the chrysalis of every-day bondage to the whims of a gouty old lady—until the flowers faded. Tropical plants were arranged behind her as a relief of darker foliage to enhance the transparent tissue of her dress and the stainless purity of the blossoms.

"I would not have believed Jane could look as well," reflected Mrs. Howard, slowly approaching.

Emulation had led her to thus present her companion to the community. Had not the artful Caterina beguiled Mrs. Fowler's Luigi, and learned what the toilet of the Misses Fowler would be? Had not Mrs. Howard determined to eclipse them as much by the refined beauty of a lily-of-the-valley as in the superiority of her own breeding? Motive employs obscure wheels in small communities as well as in imperial governments.

"Have I found you again?" said Edward Poynter, leaning on the table, and speaking hurriedly.

Jane started, and their eyes met in swift recognition.

"Will you buy my lilies?" she rejoined, mindful of Mrs. Howard's objection to followers.

"I shall purchase no other flower," he retorted, eagerly. "The pickpockets got my purse, after all."

Color dawned in Jane's cheek, and a rippling smile swept over her face.

"You should be more careful," she said.

"You should not have deserted me so cruelly," he echoed, placing a spray of lilies in his buttonhole.

"How amusing to have the thieves secure the prize in the end!" she added. "That would furnish an incident for an author now here."

"Does he need incidents?" demanded Edward Poynter, studying her face.

"I have only glanced at his books; but he does seem to need incident," she retorted, with a touch of sarcasm.

"What else?" he asked, abruptly.

"Pith," said Jane Norman.

"Good-day, Mr. Poynter," interposed Mrs. Howard.

"Good-day, madame," responded the courteous culprit.

Mrs. Howard glared at him stonily. She was scrutinized by her public, therefore she stifled her emotions. Jane had turned pale at the mention of his name.

"I regretted not seeing you on Thursday," impressively.

"On Thursday I visited Mrs. Howard," he explained, airily.

"Pardon me; I am Mrs. Howard," said that lady, with a bitter smile.

"Then you have a namesake here."

"There is only one Mrs. Howard, sir. I am a resident of many years."

He looked at Jane, and she came to the rescue.

"Mrs. Howard expected you on Thursday to meet her friends," she said.

"I visited Mrs. Howard and her charming daughters—"

"There is a person with daughters on the first floor of our palazzo," interposed Mrs. Howard.

Edward Poynter gazed in bewilderment at the two ladies. His next question was seemingly irrelevant: "Were you there?"

"Yes," replied Jane, suppressing her amusement.

The clergyman swept away the visitor to admire the other stalls, but Edward Poynter manifested a preference for the Lily-of-the-Valley which was clearly apparent to all.

"People will talk if you remain here longer," demurred Jane, whose cheeks had become as pink as those of her sisters of the Rose-bud department.

"Let them talk! If you permit me to remain, their opinion is wholly indifferent to me," he said, in a low tone. "What an idiot I was to slight Mrs. Howard!"

"I did not know you had written *Feathers* and *Dandelion-down*," added Jane, with contrition.

"You despise the rubbish, I can see."

"Yes, I do," avowed Jane, with a dilation of the nostril. "A man should find some nobler task."

Edward Poynter was delighted. His eyes softened.

"I have been searching for you all my life," he said. "Ah, why have I never before found you?"

The next month Edward Poynter and Jane Norman were married, and sailed for America.

Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Fowler have buried the hatchet, and visit each other. Mrs. Howard expresses a fear that the Fowler girls will never marry, as they have no *dot*, and hints darkly that the late Mr. Fowler was a carpenter by trade. Mrs. Fowler gives it as her opinion that Mrs. Howard is an amusing old frump with dyed hair, and adds an entire disbelief in her Boston origin. On one subject both ladies agree: they consider the American author Edward Poynter as greatly overestimated, and doomed to early and merited oblivion.

"What can he have seen to admire in her? Surely she made her own dresses, they fitted so badly." Thus meditate Georgina, Frances, and Mabel Fowler. Then these maidens spread afresh their pretty draperies, and dance on in pursuit of such elusive wills-o'-the-wisp as husbands. Suitors they have in abundance, and many nibbles at the matrimonial bait, but the family income will brook no subdivision into the requisite dowries. Jane Norman had not a penny, and made her own gowns. Magical gifts of destiny! How can such matters be explained, at least to the understanding of the Misses Fowler?

The fascinating Luigi jilted Caterina in favor of Mrs. Fowler's cook, a sedate person of means. Caterina, in despair, threatened to throw herself from the window, but thought better of it, and married the water-pumper of the house. She may be seen loitering in the court, good-humored, slipshod, with dishevelled hair, a baby on her arm, and her knitting-work in her fingers, ready to gossip with all the world, as of old.

The seasons pass over the Italian palace. The Judas-tree blushes pink in the golden warmth of summer, and winter frosts fringe the fountain with icicles. Massive wall, gateway, and venerable statues remain unchanged; only the tide of fitful human life ebbs and flows in the wide corridors and vast chambers with the lapse of years.

ART IN DETROIT.

THE leading citizens of Detroit, Michigan, have organized an Art Loan Exhibition remarkable for extent, variety, and quality. They gave eight months to the work, and subscribed at the outset $50,000 as a guarantee fund to meet any financial loss that might be incurred. They appointed their committees as long ago as last February, and they held a ratification meeting on the 12th of March in Music Hall, and listened to addresses from distinguished speakers, particularly to a letter from the Hon. **THOMAS W. PALMER** announcing his readiness to contribute $10,000 toward building an art gallery, in case $40,000 were contributed by others. They issued a circular asking the loan of treasures suitable for the exhibition. They constructed an "Art Wigwam," on the general plan of the Centennial Art Annex, one hundred and thirty feet square, at a cost of $10,000. They proceeded to adorn the interior of that edifice with oil-paintings, water-colors, etchings, engravings, statuary, and bric-à-brac, the pictures being so numerous that three weeks were consumed in hanging them. They opened the exhibition promptly on the day announced—the 1st of September.

Never was a project for an art loan exhibition conceived more clearly, backed more generously, carried on more systematically, or executed more successfully. "Upon passing through the turnstiles," wrote an eye-witness on the opening night, "the visitors found themselves in a blaze of light, surrounded by the superb collection of paintings from New York, Boston, and the East, and involuntarily paused out of sheer wonder that such a sight should ever have been seen here. Passing into the rotunda, they stood in doubt for the instant as to which of the rooms opening around them possessed the greatest attraction. The splendid and immortal works of art, the magnificent settings of the paintings, the silvery flood of the electric lights, the men and women moving about softly as if on sacred ground, the harmonious blending of the lights, shades, and colors, must be seen to be appreciated. Before eight o'clock there was a crowd, but with none of the haste, anxiety, or excitement usually attendant upon such a gathering. All moved about admiringly and curiously, but there was no vulgar rush, no boisterous enthusiasm, no rude elbowing, shoving, or clamor."

We have received a series of photographs representing various views in the interior of the building, and also a catalogue of the exhibition—the latter a well-arranged and instructive octavo pamphlet of one hundred and sixty-seven pages, edited by Miss **CLARA A. AVERY**—and the impression produced by these documents seems to explain and justify the appreciative enthusiasm of the writer just quoted. By far the largest and most important portion of the exhibit consists of oil-paintings, and among the distinguished names represented by them are **FRA ANGELICO**, **BELLINI**, **BOUCHER**, **CORREGGIO**, **PIETRO DA CORTONA**, **GREUZE**, **ANGELICA KAUFFMAN**, **LEONARDO DA VINCI**, **MURILLO**, **POUSSIN**, **RAPHAEL**, **REMBRANDT**, **GUIDO RENI**, **SALVATOR ROSA**, **RUBENS**, and **VANDYCK**; **ROSA BONHEUR**, **JULES BRÉTON**, **CORÔT**, **COURBET**, **DAUBIGNY**, **DE COCK**, **DE NEUVILLE**, **DIAZ**, **FORTUNY**, **GÉRÔME**, **JACQUE**, **JACQUET**, **JIMINEZ**, **LAMBINET**, **MARCHETTI**, **MUNKACSY**, **PALMAROLI**, **PASSINI**, **PILOTY**, **REGNAULT**, **RICO**, **ROUSSEAU**, **SCHREYER**, **VIBERT**, **VILLEGAS**, **ZAMACOIS**, and **ZIEM**. Such names as these settle at once the rank of an exhibition of pictures, and present an attraction that any city might be glad to harbor. Then there are our own American artists, the most celebrated of them being honored with short biographies, which sometimes convey in a few words a good deal of interesting information. Of Mr. **WILLIAM H. BEARD** we read: "Brother of **JAMES**—a thorough American, in spite of European study." Of Mr. **J. WELLS CHAMPNEY**: "Lecturer on anatomy in the schools of the N. A. D." Of Mr. **J. FOXCROFT COLE**: "Although a careful student of French landscape art, he has retained great individuality, and penetrates the soul of nature." Of Mr. **M. F. H. DE HAAS**: "Artist to the Dutch navy, 1857." Of Mr. **FRANK DUVENECK**: "Commenced his career as fresco painter—superior technique portraits in **REMBRANDT** style." Of Mr. **R. SWAIN GIFFORD**: "Taken to New Bedford when a child; has travelled much in the East, and is very successful in representing Oriental life." Of the late Mr. **SANFORD R. GIFFORD**: "One of the most original of American artists in depicting atmospheric effects." Of the late Mr. **JOHN F. KENSETT**: "His fame rests largely on his landscapes of American scenery." Of **HOMER D. MARTIN**: "Almost wholly self-taught; member of several societies."

The section devoted to water-colors and black and white comes next in order, and is followed by the sections devoted respectively to amateur work, sculpture, colonial antiquities, bric-à-brac, textiles, and miscellaneous articles, among the latter being about two hundred and fifty pieces of terra cotta and hand-made and wheel-made pottery, duplicates of objects in the Cesnola Collection in this city. In his letter consenting to forward these specimens, General **DI CESNOLA** wrote: "The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art having authorized me to lend the Detroit Art Loan Exhibition such antiquities discovered by me in Cyprus as are not at present on exhibition in the Museum, I have selected from them specimens which will very fairly represent the ancient art of Cyprus in its slow growth, beginning from a period still earlier than twelve centuries before our era, and coming down to the time when the Romans were ruling over that island, namely, about two thousand years ago."

This magnificent exhibition is the first step in a carefully matured scheme for establishing in Detroit a permanent museum and school of art.

WHEELMEN AT SPRINGFIELD.

THE grand bicycle tournament at Springfield, Massachusetts, which began on the 18th inst. and continued three days, was the most successful and interesting meeting of the kind ever held in this country. It was organized and conducted by the Springfield Bicycle Club, and as a pecuniary venture its results were eminently satisfactory, the judicious outlay of $16,000 in prizes and advertising being rewarded by the receipt of $24,000 in gate money and entrance fees. Besides this, they have won the reputation of being the most enterprising bicycle club in the country and the most active promoters of a sport which is winning a place in popular favor only exceeded by lawn tennis. The popularity which bicycling has gained in this its sixth year of existence in this country was shown by the throngs of sight-seers who flocked into Springfield to witness the novel sport. On the second day of the races 23,000 persons, by actual count, occupied the grand stand and other available positions in Hampden Park, and it is estimated that three times that number viewed the parade of 600 wheelmen through the city streets earlier in the same day.

The races were remarkable as resulting in a general breaking of records that had already stood the test of several famous meets. The most novel race, which was over a distance of one mile without touching hands to the handle-bar, was won by an American star bicycle. This machine is as novel as the race won on it, for its wheels occupy the reverse of the ordinary position, the small one being in front.

The most exciting race was that for the twenty-mile amateur championship. After an exceedingly close contest, which aroused the enthusiasm of the great crowd of spectators to a pitch of intense excitement, it was won by **GEORGE M. HENDEE**, of the Springfield Club, in the fast time of 1 h. 7 m. 32 s., his only competitor, **THOMAS W. MIDGLEY**, of Worcester, Massachusetts, coming in twenty yards behind. **HENDEE**'s time in this race breaks the amateur and professional record of America, and he also succeeded in lowering the American record for every mile above the tenth. The professional race for twenty miles, contested the next day, lowered **HENDEE**'s record by more than a minute, being won by **H. W. HIGHAM**, of England, in 1 h. 6 m. 30 s.

The twenty-five mile amateur race for the championship of the United States was won by **A. H. ROBINSON**, of London, England, in 1 h. 23 m. 10 s., which time breaks the American record by 13 m. 4 s. **CHARLES F. FRAZER**, of Smithville, New Jersey, really came in first; but as he had fouled **ROBINSON** on the homestretch, the judges gave him second place.

A five-mile tricycle race was won by the ex-champion bicyclist, **L. H. JOHNSON**, of Orange, New Jersey, and the five-mile college race was won by **A. D. CLAFLIN**, of Harvard, in 16 m. 48 s.

The total attendance at the races during the three days of the meet was 50,800 persons.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

TROUBLE of a singular nature has arisen in Texas. The cattle kings have inclosed vast tracts with wire fences, leaving stretches of miles upon miles without any gate or passageway. To go around one of these fenced areas is a journey of several days. The temptation for travellers to cut the wires and pass through is very great, especially since the land inclosed belongs to the public domain. This has been done, has resulted in serious affrays, and has at last brought the matter conspicuously before the people of the State. The Legislature will, without doubt, try to adopt some measure for the adjustment of the troubles at the next session.

A newspaper printed in Richmond, Virginia, makes the somewhat remarkable statement that "we meet with plenty of Northern people who are more deficient in reading, writing, and arithmetic than the negro anywhere in the South," and on the strength of this assertion it desires that Northerners shall cease to repeat that the Southern negro needs educating.

It is claimed that the jinrikisha, or two-wheeled cart in which passengers are drawn by men, was introduced into Japan by a Yankee inventor. The Yokohama *Mail* says that three hundred thousand of them are now in use there, giving employment to at least two hundred thousand able-bodied men. It seems that Yankee ingenuity can detect "a want long felt" in Asia as easily as in America.

The civil service examiners say that there is a dearth of applicants for the places that pay small salaries.

When some of the Fish Commissioners were on Narragansett Bay recently they "picked oysters out of the teeth of the rakes, and told their age by wrinkles in the shell." Oysters have not yet learned the art of concealing their age by the obliteration of wrinkles.

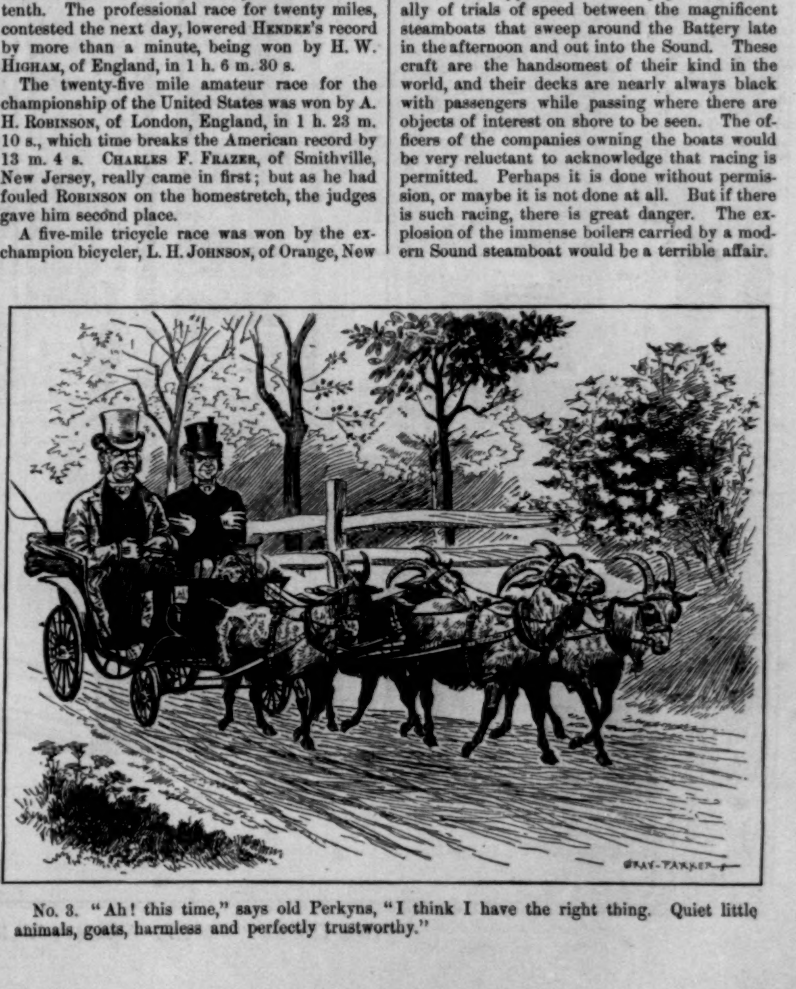
A Western newspaper explains that a phrenologist is "a man who can tell from the bunions on a boy's head whether he is to be hanged or to be a missionary."

Another American has distinguished himself in the Old World by appearing at a theatre in Milan with a luminous scarf pin in which a tiny electric light glowed. It was made to burn for five hours by a small apparatus carried in the waistcoat pocket.

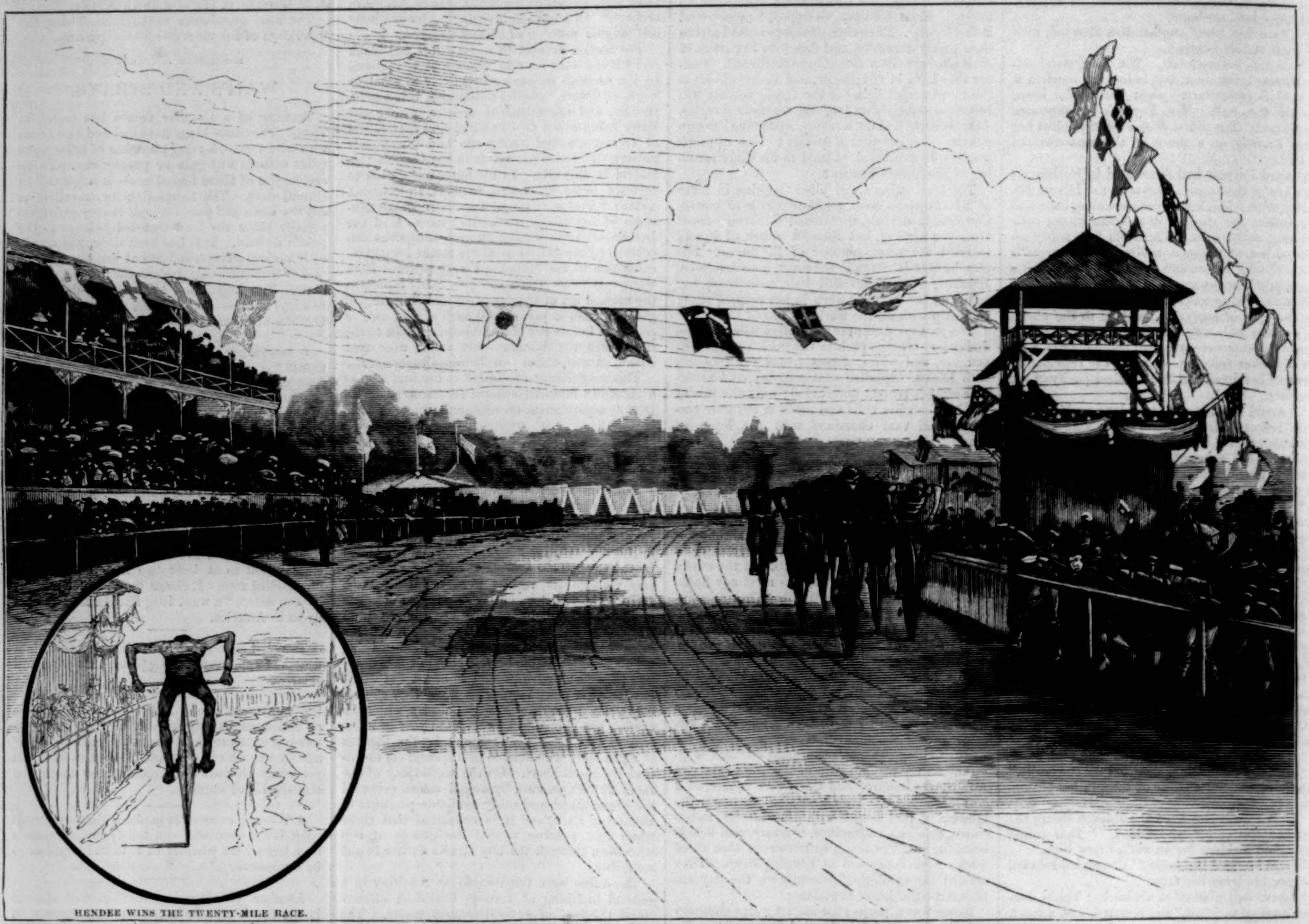
There is lamentation in Kentucky, born of the report that the corn crop this year will be small, and of the thought that a part of it will be turned into meal cakes and other solids.

One of those Mexican creatures known as the burro was shipped to St. Louis. The agent concluded that "burro" meant "bureau," and he accordingly reported to his superior, on the arrival of the car-load, "one bureau missing, and one jackass over."

Accounts appear in the newspapers occasionally of trials of speed between the magnificent steamboats that sweep around the Battery late in the afternoon and out into the Sound. These craft are the handsomest of their kind in the world, and their decks are nearly always black with passengers while passing where there are objects of interest on shore to be seen. The officers of the companies owning the boats would be very reluctant to acknowledge that racing is permitted. Perhaps it is done without permission, or maybe it is not done at all. But if there is such racing, there is great danger. The explosion of the immense boilers carried by a modern Sound steamboat would be a terrible affair.

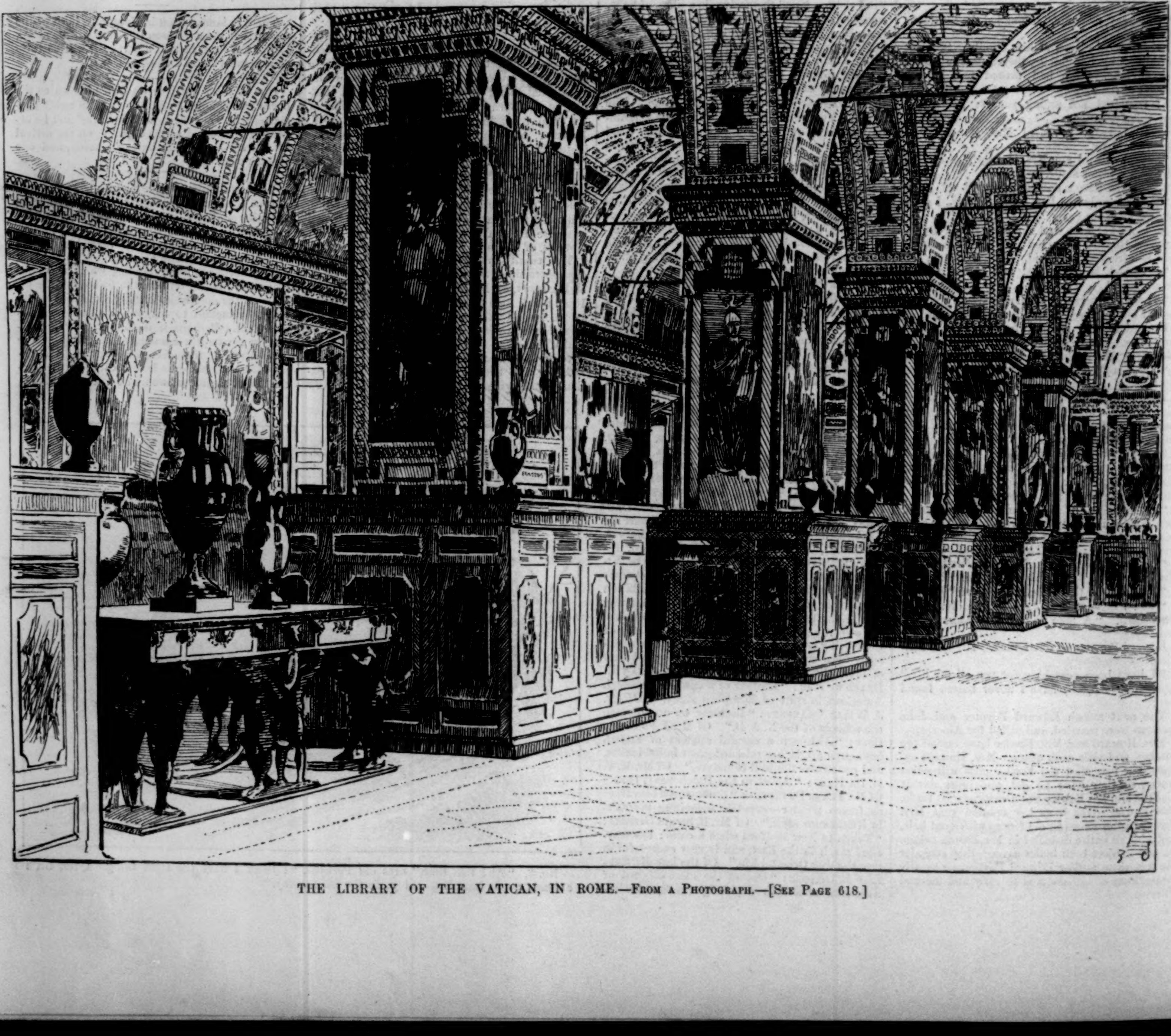


No. 3. "Ah! this time," says old Perkyns, "I think I have the right thing. Quiet little animals, goats, harmless and perfectly trustworthy."

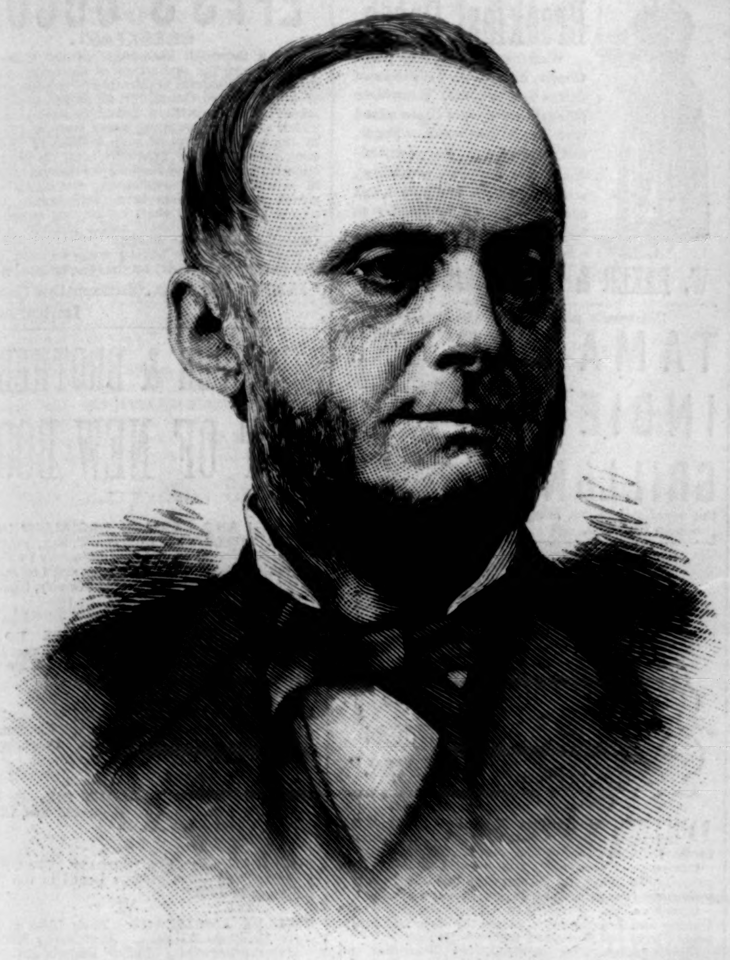


HENDEE WINS THE TWENTY-MILE RACE.

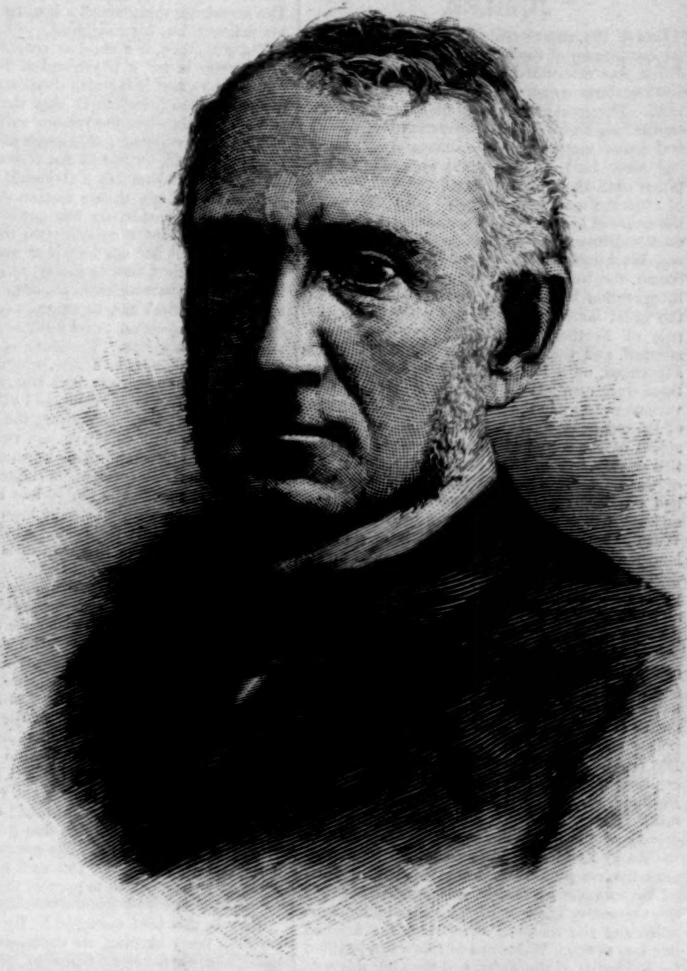
THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—ON THE HOMESTRETCH—TEN-MILE RACE.
Drawn by Schell and Hogan from a Sketch by E. L. Durand.—[See Page 619.]



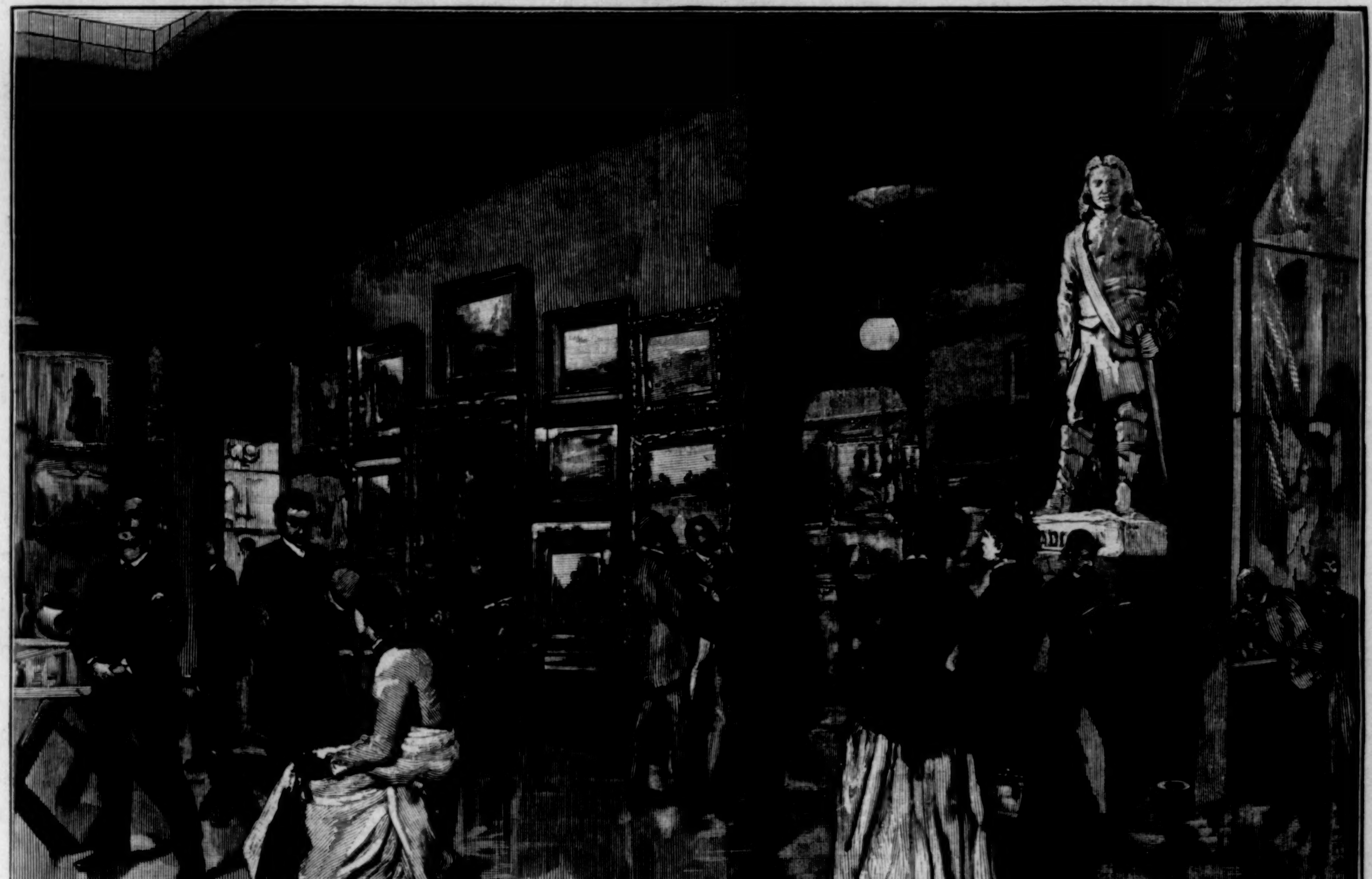
THE LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN, IN ROME.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 618.]



THE HON. GEORGE D. ROBINSON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Photographed by Black.—[See Page 610.]



THE HON. JONATHAN DIXON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—Photographed by Gubelman.—[See Page 610.]



THE DETROIT ART EXHIBITION.—Drawn by G. J. Melchers.—[See Page 619.]

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC JUBILEE.

One of the great events of the present year is the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was celebrated at a point far up in the northwestern corner of Montana, September 8, 1883. The great enterprise of building this transcontinental highway has been prosecuted fitfully and under many difficulties, financial and physical, since 1864, but no actual work was undertaken until the spring of 1870. By the autumn of 1873 the road was completed from Duluth, at the western end of Lake Superior, to Bismarck, on the Missouri River, Dakota, and from Kalama, Washington Territory, to Tacoma, on Puget Sound, the total number of miles of road then in operation being 600. In the panic of 1873 the great house of **Jay Cooke** & Co. failed, the sale of Northern Pacific Railroad bonds was stopped, and the work of railroad-building was suspended, until 1877, when unimportant operations were resumed on the Pacific coast. After various changes in the management of the affairs of the company, **Frederick Billings** became president of the road in 1879, and under his direction work was vigorously pushed on all divisions of the line. In 1881 Mr. **Henry Villard**, who had previously secured control of all sea, river, and railroad transportation lines in Oregon and Washington, obtained a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad, and was elected president of the company. Since that time the enterprise, which is one of extraordinary magnitude, and is burdened with vast difficulties, has been prosecuted to a successful completion.

The last rail was laid and the last spike driven at a point on the line of road which may be described as 1198 miles from Lake Superior and 847 miles from Puget Sound. These figures indicate the length of the road between the two points at which the work was originally begun. But from this spot St. Paul, practically the eastern terminus of the line, is 1205 miles away, and Portland, one of the western termini, is 706 miles distant. The place made famous by the driving of the last spike is a lonely intervale in the Rocky Mountains, hemmed in by lofty and almost treeless peaks. A decorated roof, supported by columns of timber, was erected between the temporary track used for construction purposes and the road-bed over which the finished line was to run. Westward of this was a pavilion for the ladies of the party, and flanking this was a music stand, in which was posted the Fifth United States Infantry Band, which discoursed excellent music for the occasion. Around were grouped Indians, artisans, miners, country people from distant cañons and valleys, and a large company of excursionists from Montana and the East, brought thither by trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and from Oregon by the trains of the Oregon Railroad and Steam-Navigation Company, the Western corporation of Mr. **Villard**'s numerous enterprises. Considering the distance of the place from any settlement, the crowd assembled was very large. Some of the people from the adjacent region had travelled fifty or sixty miles to see the show, camping out at night, and now they rejoiced that they were able to behold the iron rails laid in the line that should connect their neighborhoods with the rest of the world.

The principal speeches of the day were made by Messrs. **Villard**, **Billings**, and **William M. Evarts**. These were worthy contributions to the somewhat voluminous literature of the transcontinental celebration and excursion. But, in order to group together representatives of the various States and Territories traversed by the line, the Governors of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Oregon were brought out with brief speeches, and General **Grant**, in answer to uproarious calls, made a few bright and pleasant remarks to the company. A gap of 1200 feet had been left between the eastern and the western ends of the advancing lines of rails. Gangs of track-layers, ten men in each, were stationed at each end of this gap, and at a given signal they went eagerly to work, laying their rails with marvellous rapidity, and advancing toward the last tie, 600 feet distant from each. With prodigious clamor and clatter of iron, and amid cheers from the assembled crowds, the last rail was laid, and then the last spike was driven, first by Mr. **H. C. Davis**, who, when superintendent of construction, had driven the first spike. He struck a blow, then President **Villard**, Mr. **Billings**, General **Grant**, and a long line of distinguished men each dealt a tap, until the last spike was fairly driven home, and the great work was completed.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SUMMER HARDENING.

Cold water and cold air are healthy people's tonics. The robust and healthy may expose themselves to either, winter or summer, with only the ordinary rational precautions. For delicate people and for young children the question of exposure is somewhat less simple. They can not enjoy or profit by the exercise and exposure which benefit the robust in cold weather; for many of them, indeed, ample shelter and clothing are scarcely sufficient to keep them warm. There is a class of invalids who are always cold, and these are difficult people to cure, for generally you have to change their whole way of life and thought in order to cure them. But there is another class who can be so trained as to be hardened against both cold and heat from the beginning. I mean the children; and the best time to begin with young children is the summer.

It is a somewhat delicate task, for children are much more sensitive both to heat and to cold than adults are. And why? It is generally said that children are more "delicate" than adults; but this, at least in the sense that is usually understood by the words, is not at all the reason. The surprising thing about a healthy child is not his delicacy, but his toughness.

But why, then, is a child so sensitive to cold? The reason is not a physiological but a purely physical one, and it is worth dwelling upon for a moment. The principle is that the smaller of two solid bodies has the greater surface in proportion to its contents; this much of geometry is familiar enough, but we do not remember to apply it. A buckshot has a thousand times more surface for its size than a cannon-shot; a cube of an inch to a side has but one-eighth of the solid content that a cube of two inches to the side has, but it has one-fourth as much surface, six square inches, that is to say, as against only twenty-four square inches in the larger cube. The smaller cube thus has, therefore, twice as much surface in proportion to its bulk as the cube of two inches to a side. The same is true of any other solids of similar forms, whether spheres, cubes, or human beings; it is true, therefore, of a child three feet tall as compared with his father who is six feet tall. Supposing the proportions the same, the child will have just twice the radiating surface to be chilled or warmed, in proportion to his bulk and weight, as the man.

With its tender skin the furless and featherless young human animal is the most defenseless of creatures against the cold. At the other extreme of the scale in this respect is the bountiful equipment of birds against the cold. It is a beautiful compensation. As among the most exposed and smallest of creatures they should be the coldest, on the contrary they are the warmest blooded of all creatures; even the smallest wren or rice-bunting rejoices in his vivid fountain of living heat, a vital spark in the cold; the little heart beats unchilled under his feather wrapper.

This is not a side flight; on the contrary, it bears directly upon the question of hardening the featherless young of our own kind against the cold. Many parents think that all they have to do is to keep the child always and every minute in warm clothing. It is a mistake; it makes the skin tender, it prevents the due growth of the power to resist the cold. The secret is to let the child feel both cool air and cool water a little while at a time, and so to prevent this overdelicacy of the skin.

How is this best managed? By a very brief *air bath* every evening, on undressing a healthy child, and by frequent baths in water, not too cool, during the summer.

But let the baths be short ones unless the water is warm. When children are taken to swim in pond or river, which may be done from the second year if the water is warm, take them out before they get cold, watching well for shivering and blue lips. You will not watch them too carefully, but be sure that you let them bathe, unless the physician points out reason to the contrary. If you do not, if you insist upon "coddling" them night and day, under warm clothes all day and warm blankets all night, throughout the summer, I will tell you what you are providing for all the winter—a continuous series of colds and influenzas, the result of the overtender skin for which your "coddling" is to blame. I have spoken of the danger of pneumonia for the elderly, but in our climate it is a frequent disease at all ages, from the earliest.

When colds and influenzas have once begun, then you must wrap up the child as warmly as possible, and that makes the skin still more tender, and invites still more colds. The physiological situation is what would be called a "vicious circle" in logic. Baths ranging from 75° to 85° Fahr. are then the best cure for an oversensitive skin. They may be given in winter, too, but never during the progress of a cold, and it is best to take the temperature by a thermometer.

For the rest, exposure to the cool air under exercise is the best of hardeners, in summer as in winter, the difference being that in summer one has not to guard against excessive cold, and exposure need not be attended with any risk. The summer, for this reason, is the time when the delicate should seek pleasurable exercise in the open air, as surf-bathing, boating, and mountain rambles in discretion. There is too little of these at our summer watering-places, and too much sitting on hotel verandas. All that I can say will not cure the sitters on hotel verandas.

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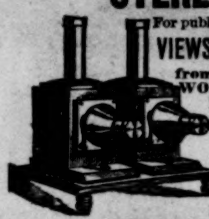

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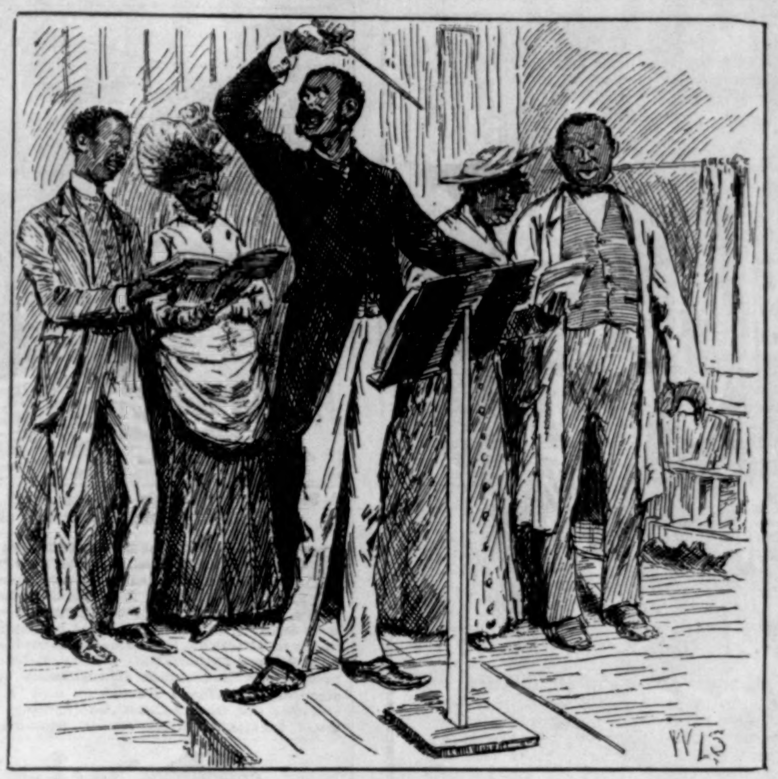

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